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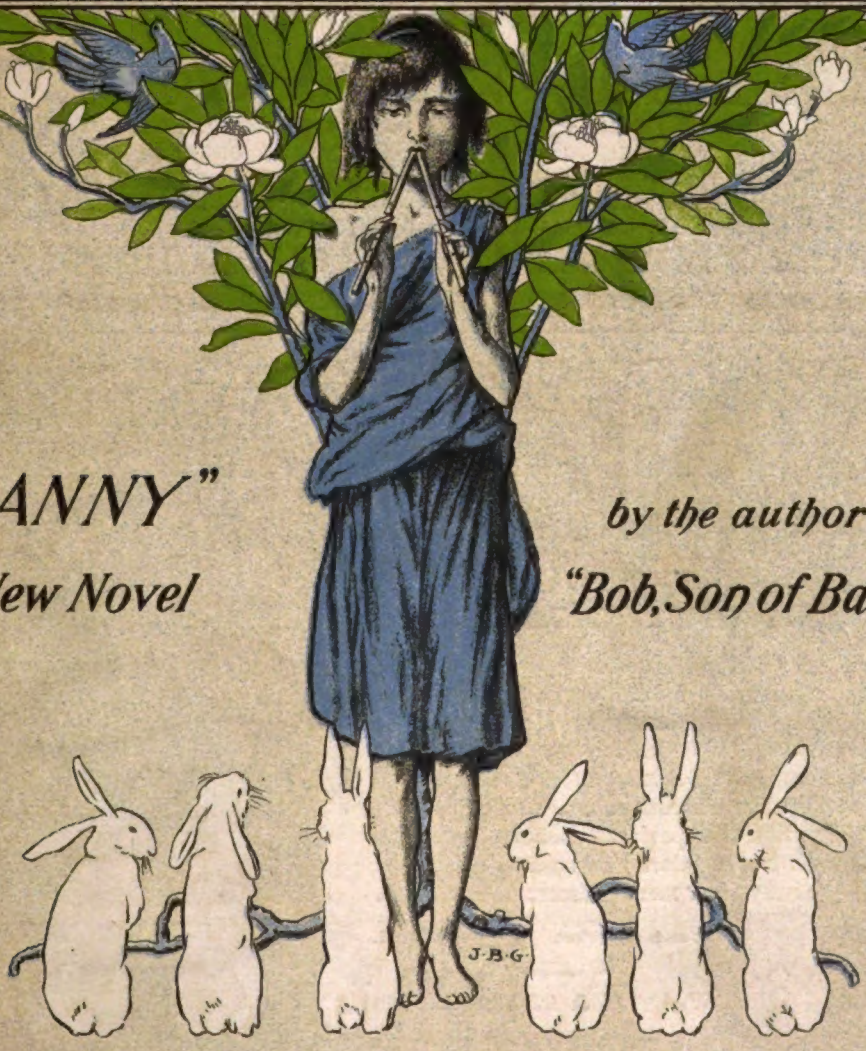

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"THEY DID NOT KNOW THE LION SPIRIT WITHIN THE KING, THAT MADE HIM AS STEELED AGAINST FEAR AS AGAINST MERCY."

Illustrating "Belshazzar," Chapter VIII.

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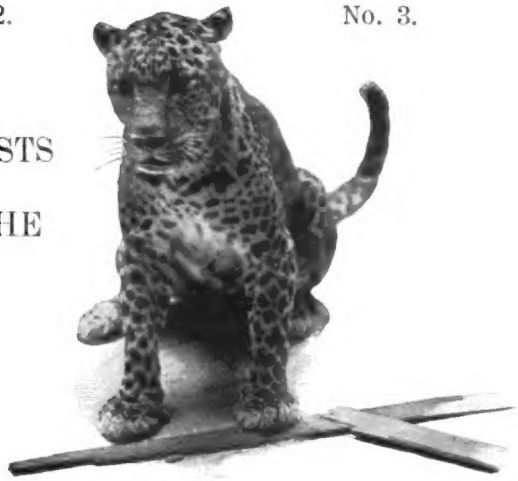
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VI. MARCH, 1902. No. 3.

WILD BEASTS BEHIND THE BARS.

COGITATION.



HESITATION.

HOW CAPTIVITY AFFECTS THE LIFE OF THE JUNGLE.

BY C. BRYSON TAYLOR.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OLIVER LIPPINCOTT.

This series of photographs of wild animals, perhaps the most remarkable ever taken, were made by Oliver Lippincott

ONCE a keeper, by secrecy and much guile, saw a lioness teaching her cage-born cubs — two squealing, furry infants—the ancient lore of the jungle, which no beast ever forgets. How to leap from the brush upon a buck's back at the exact angle to break that back at a single blow—through a pile of straw. How to follow a blood trail to where the quarry lay—through sawdust. The prize was a bit of raw beef, but the cubs did not care. They had never known—never would know—the fierce joy of the hunt and the kill, the lust of clean, hot blood in the free desert. Not for them the knowledge of what it meant to send a challenge rolling across the desolate plain beneath the stars, to hear the answer pealing forth in distant thunder from the ends of the earth; to know themselves the masters of their world. Later on in life, the blood and the soul that was in them would teach them what they had missed and lost, as instinct teaches all wild things even unto the third and fourth generation of them that are born in bondage. They had not yet learned to pace to and fro, always to and fro, prisoners of the bars that held them back from life and the freedom which was their birthright. The keeper said it was a pretty sight; also he thought it was rather hard on the old girl. What good would all her pains ever do the little youngsters? Wherein he showed imagination—a thing which most of his kind greatly lack.

Much—very much—has been written of wild life behind the bars; of the lion, the leopard, the tiger, trained and untrained, in captivity; of how they are caught and caged; how treated, how trained, and the

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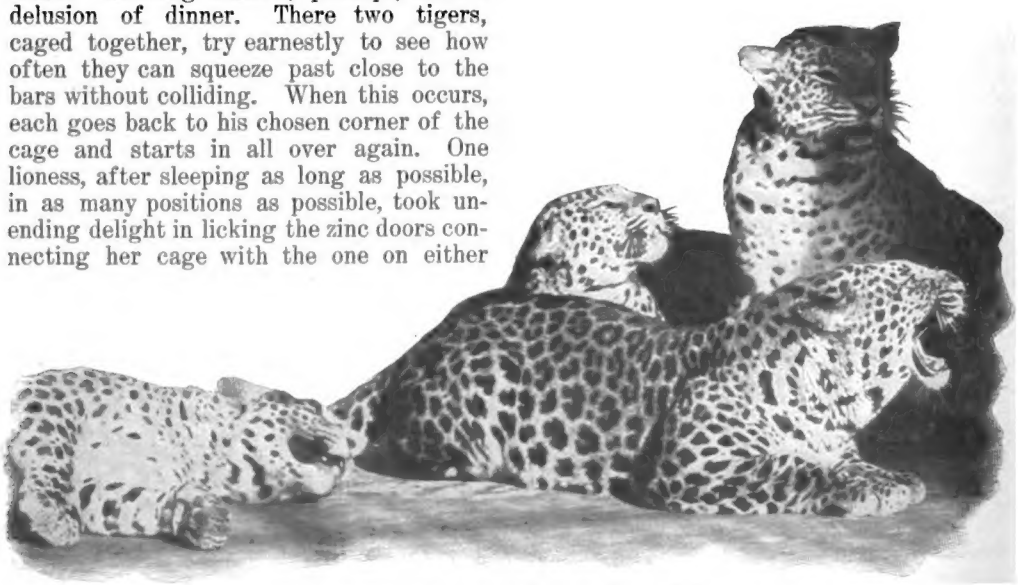
sort of control obtained over them by their trainers. All that has been said has been from one point of view—that of the master, Man. We have shown how we feel concerning Leo and his ways ; but we have not stopped to think how Leo feels concerning us—self-constituted arbiters of his destiny—and our ways. His is the passive side : the side which may not judge ; must only suffer judgment. Yet he has his views of the case ; his own opinions of us, even as we have ours of him. And no one can study an animal as a personality—which is the only way he should be studied —without seeing this fact with a degree of clearness exactly proportionate to his understanding of and sympathy with the brute creation.

Go to a zoölogical garden in the dead of winter, when the animals are housed and no crowds are around to disturb, and watch. There you will learn to appreciate the full effect of captivity upon wild life. You will discover more facts of interest after an hour of silent watching than you would in half a year of encyclopædias. You will see the endless expedients invented to while away the monotony of the hours which must elapse before feeding time. Here a lion, learning his first lessons in the art of self-amusement, and not very expert at the business as yet, gets through several hours by chewing the tip of his tail into a soapy lather—cheating himself, perhaps, into a delusion of dinner. There two tigers, caged together, try earnestly to see how often they can squeeze past close to the bars without colliding. When this occurs, each goes back to his chosen corner of the cage and starts in all over again. One lioness, after sleeping as long as possible, in as many positions as possible, took unending delight in licking the zinc doors connecting her cage with the one on either hand, then scrubbing them furiously with both paws, sitting on her haunches like a dog before a door he desires opened. Another, a big black-maned beast, who had been a performer, gone bad, and been relegated to the lone cage, kept himself happy for hours by gravely marching upon three legs in complicated figures about his cage, wearing an intensely solemn expression of countenance. A lion rarely varies his pacings to and fro, as does a leopard, for example ; and when undisturbed almost never circles around his cage. Still less often will he do it after such fashion. This one may have been practising old tricks that had lingered in his memory from the days when he had a part to play in the world. A tigress, Trilby by name, found a long loose sliver in the floor of her abode, and amused herself hugely by shoving a claw under it and letting go suddenly, with a snap. Three times, when Trilby was not at home, was that sliver fastened down—splinters being dangerous to soft paddy paws —and three times did Trilby patiently dig it up again, determined not to be despoiled of her plaything, splinters or no splinters. While that sliver lasted, Trilby was a very happy tigress. The devices to keep busy are innumerable ; something they must find to do, and they all do it differently.

You will hear the conversations bandied



HOW ONE ANIMAL MAKES AN OBSERVATION—

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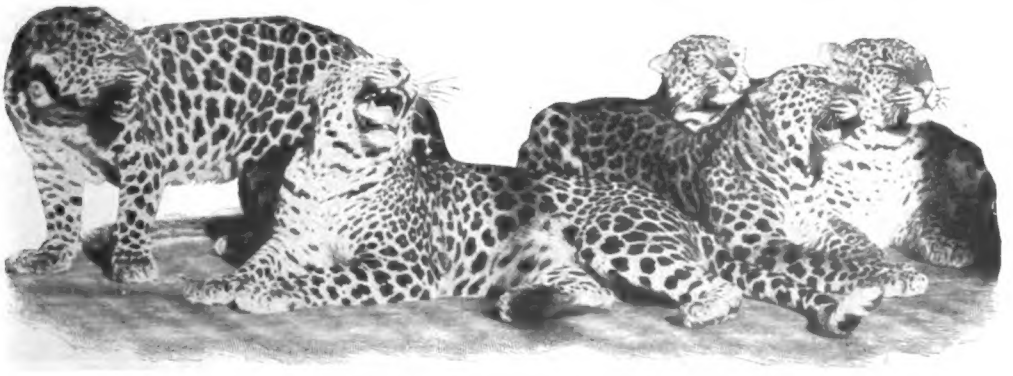
back and forth; will note how one animal makes an observation and how the others take it up until every cranny of the building is echoing with hollow, full-throated roars which shake the very roof, and have the same effect upon the ear drums as the thunder of heavy guns. This is a thing they never do unless they fancy themselves to be alone. You will learn to distinguish between the voices of the animals. The reverberant rolling chest-notes of one, more like the bellow of an ocean liner's siren than anything else, given with head lowered to let the sound carry and all the force of the mighty lungs from which, as one keeper remarked, an opera singer could get many points worth studying. The deep grunting bark of another, which comes in as a finale to his particular solo and which is never uttered unless a certain tawny beauty has spoken first. The harsh mew of the tiger, like the mew of a very hoarse cat, several times magnified and with all the plaintiveness left out, which expresses a desire for sympathy and something to eat, but which sounds to a casual audience more like a menace and a warning.

But no matter to what pass a lion is brought in solitary confinement, with however little exercise, you will never see him act as does a bear in like condition. Watch one of these latter for half an hour; note the side-to-side rocking of the heavy body, moving only from the shoulders, the swing of the hanging head. You will first get to understand what it means, and then realize that it is no very pleasant sight. An elephant is the only other animal possessing this peculiarity of action; but then an elephant has another reason for it. For a lion is too proud to so display his feelings before the world. He is a stoic: what Fate sends he accepts as best he may, without cringing—until his limit is reached; until mutinous nerves are keyed too tight. Then he revolts against that Fate; and then his keepers say he has gone bad. But before his time—which perhaps does not arrive for many years—the lion plays his part of a noble captive well. One cannot beat one's head always against the bars; the process becomes wearisome. So he acquires philosophy. Yet under it, all his old instincts are ever with him; dormant it may be, lulled to sleep by the stagnation of his existence, but ready to wake to savage life on smallest provocation.

EXASPERATION.

All captive wild beasts may be divided into two classes: those who make the best of life as they find it and those who do not. Generally speaking, of the former class are most lions; of the latter, all tigers. A



—AND HOW THE OTHERS TAKE IT UP.

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group of animals at the National Park in Washington form a magnificent illustration of this fact. One, the tiger, is a huge sulky, surly, scowling brute, splendidly handsome, with nearly perfect ebon markings on his tawny hide and evil yellow eyes. Upon a time this tiger went bad and became possessed of ten thousand devils. Since then nothing can be done with him. He has been given up as a bad job. His eyes meet your eyes squarely in a glance of level insolence, hold them a long instant, then change, glitter greenly, and shift aside. It makes you feel, indefinably, as though the brute had sized you up; had sifted out every vestige of your fear for him and held it up to scorn. For, looking at it in the highest sense, that which is higher in man a beast fears; and that which is beast in man fears beast. In this fact lies the germ of a vast psychological truth. His cold eyes laugh at you with a sneer; you forget

"THE LION PLAYS HIS PART OF A NOBLE CAPTIVE WELL."

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that he is only a tiger, safe behind iron bars, and look through at the beautiful, evil spirit of him, full of fierce unrest and savage rebellion, treacherous, and glorying in his treachery.

Good examples of the philosophical class were two young Arabian lions, half grown; both dappled with the deeper yellow spots of cubdom, which always vanish sooner in the male than in the female. One had his mane just beginning to appear in soft raggy patches on shoulders and neck. He was as vain of this incipient wisp of glory as a youngster of his first downy apology for a mustache. He did all but stroke it. You were called upon incessantly, in insinuating ways, to admire it with him. It was an achievement to be proud of; his manner was as to say—"*I* did that, all by myself, but you couldn't do it if you tried." By virtue of this possession he tyrannized unashamedly over his companion. A fine pair they made, these two, with ropy muscles rolling under their tawny velvet skins, and clear inquisitive brown eyes. They took an interest in the world; they were ridiculously

"HE IS A STOIC, TOO PROUD TO DISPLAY HIS FEELINGS BEFORE THE WORLD."

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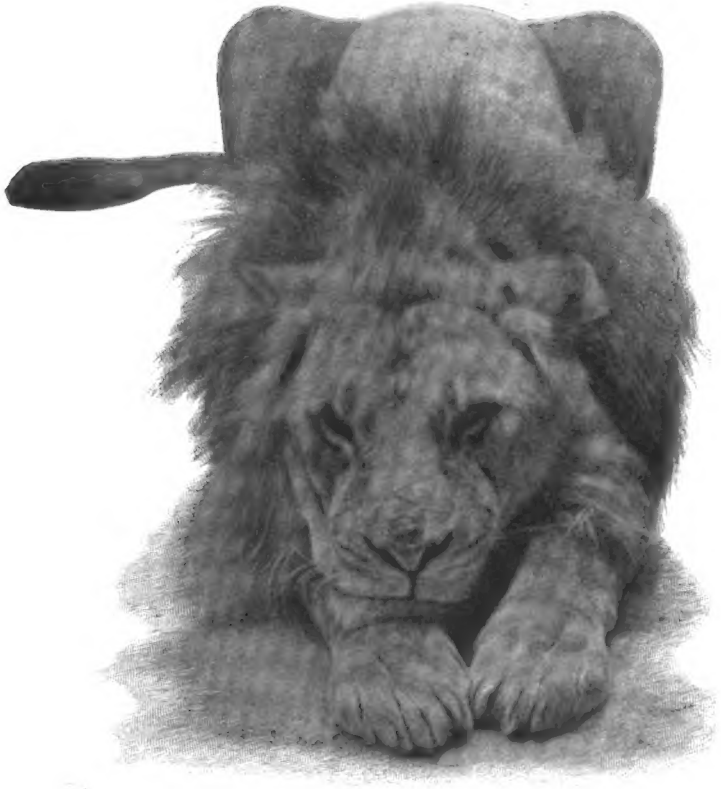

SAMMY, A TWO-YEAR-OLD OF AMAZINGLY BUCOLIC HABITS, FROM WHOSE RUDE BEHAVIOR CÆSAR HAD GALLANTLY DEFENDED MRS. GRUNDY.

vain on being admired; they were warm and well fed and happy;—and they were young. And youth, in whatever guise, is greatly careless of the looming future. They sparred and romped with agile clumsiness—there is such a thing, and a lion has it—they were bubbling over with excited anticipation, because it was just their dinner time. That is the beginning of a youngster's prison education. It takes him a weary while to discover that that is all in life he has to took forward to. At first he is forever eagerly watching for an ever expected something to happen. It never does happen; and at last he understands that it never will happen. When this knowledge comes to him, he takes it according to his nature; but at bottom there is for long a hope, faint, but dying hard, that if he waits just a little while longer the heart-breaking monotony will end. It always does end, in one way—that unexplained change of temperament which is deeper than mere madness, which causes his fellows to shun him and man to fear him.

As is to be inferred, the feline actors whom we consider ourselves to know so well, have a much happier lot in life than falls to their less lucky brethren of the Gardens. They have fuller scope for their many small idiosyncrasies—also for their strength. The freedom from their cramped quarters, the additional exercise, the mingling with their kind; the excitement of the music, the lights, the crowds—all tend to brighten existence. They learn to look forward to the hour of their appearance with quite human interest. An animal is almost as susceptible to the temperament of a house as is a human actor. Applause stimulates him to do his best; the lack of it casts him down utterly. Some tricks he likes to do—no one can tell just why—others, every whit as easy, require much coaxing and persuasion on the trainer's part.

It must be remembered, when speaking of these animals thus from a higher standpoint than their every-day round of life, that few cast-iron tenets can be laid down

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A MOST RESPECTABLE AND DEVOTED PAIR—CÆSAR, AFFABLE AND COURTEOUS ON *NEARLY* ALL OCCASIONS, WHILE HIS MATE, MRS. GRUNDY, WAS EXCEEDINGLY DEMURE AND PROPER.

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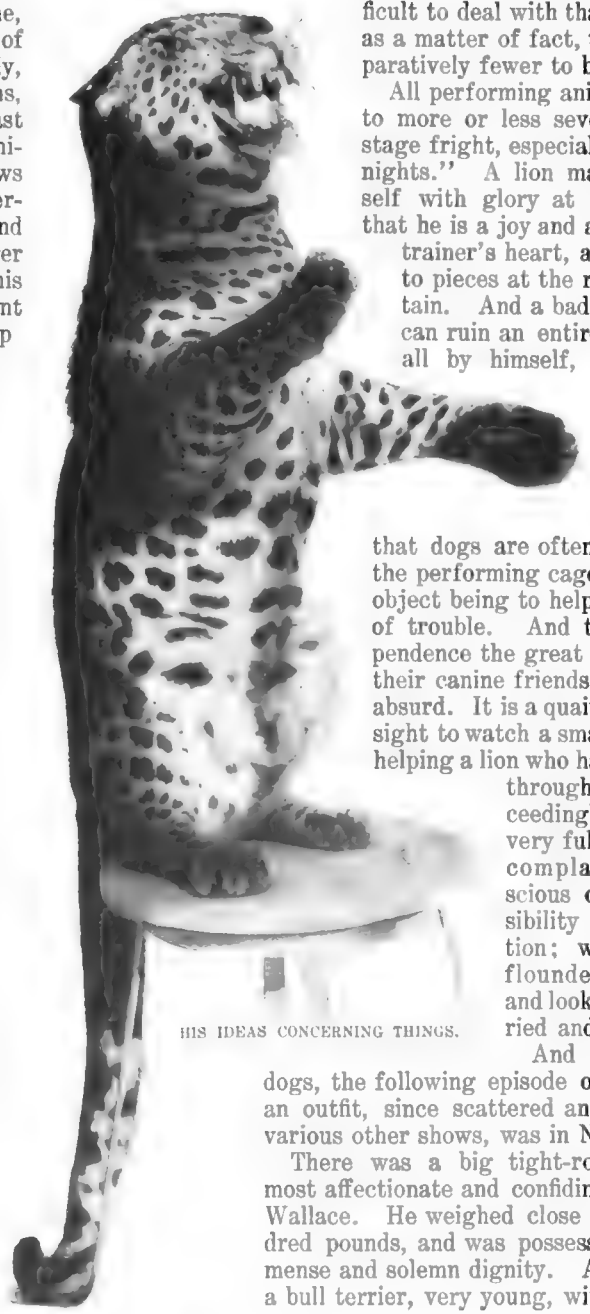
to illustrate their conduct. This, because no animal that was ever born is like unto any other animal as to his mental make-up. Each one must be taken as a separate identity and considered as such. The trainer studies each one of his pupils with utmost care; gets to know his ideas concerning things and his manner of expressing the same, and moulds his plan of treatment accordingly, from what he learns, along the lines of least resistance. Each animal, of course, follows certain broad characteristics of his race and kind. Thus, if a tiger once consents to do his duty, he makes a brilliant performer, but he is apt to be longer in yielding to discipline than a lion or a leopard. Also, he is far less trustworthy than either of the latter; and when aroused is utterly fearless of any weapons the trainer can employ. He gives no warning of his intentions, and never forgets a grudge. A certain vein of obstinacy in his nature, an inexorable determination of purpose, makes him harder to handle; and once this vindictive stubbornness is awakened, it is all but impossible to overcome. And yet here again comes in the personal equation. A tiger, finding nothing to displease him, may comport himself altogether admirably, perhaps better than any of the lions with whom he works, taking an obvious pride in his occupation, and winning for himself golden opinions. But let something happen that he does not approve, and that same tiger will instantly revert to the first principles of his nature; and—often while apparently as tractable as ever—awaits a favorable moment for revenge. Many trainers will not admit that a tiger is more difficult to deal with than a lion; but, as a matter of fact, there are comparatively fewer to be seen.



HIS IDEAS CONCERNING THINGS.

All performing animals are liable to more or less severe attacks of stage fright, especially upon "first nights." A lion may cover himself with glory at rehearsals, so that he is a joy and a delight to his trainer's heart, and yet go all to pieces at the rise of the curtain. And a badly rattled lion can ruin an entire performance all by himself, and is not a pleasant customer to handle. It is for this reason, therefore, that dogs are often brought into the performing cages, their prime object being to help the lions out of trouble. And the abject dependence the great cats place on their canine friends is sometimes absurd. It is a quaint and curious sight to watch a small, stocky bull helping a lion who has lost his cue through his paces, exceedingly important, very full of business, complaisantly conscious of the responsibility of his position; while the lion flounders helplessly and looks frankly worried and full of care.

And speaking of dogs, the following episode occurred when an outfit, since scattered and merged into various other shows, was in New York.

There was a big tight-rope walker, a most affectionate and confiding lion, named Wallace. He weighed close on eight hundred pounds, and was possessed of an immense and solemn dignity. Also there was a bull terrier, very young, with a vast idea

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of his own importance. This youngster took it upon himself to guard, cherish, and protect this same big Wallace; and Wallace conceived an especial fancy for the dog, and looked to him for help upon all possible occasions. And there was a lioness, Gyp by name, who was a haughty beauty with many airs, and after the manner of her kind, strongly disposed to have her own way. It was her mission in life to leap through a blazing hoop from a horse's back, a striking feat, and one wherein she showed surpassing grace, and an insolent indifference to the applause of her admirers. But once, shortly before the scene below took place, she was startled out of her high disdain and the onlookers had a treat—those who were not too frightened to realize it. She scorched her tail in going through the hoop, and for three minutes thereafter the cage was a concentrated whirlwind. After that she was sulky and morose, ignored all apologies, and suddenly, one night, refused point-blank to do the trick at all. She sat on her block and yawned impolitely in the faces of the spectators, and swore below her breath at the sting of the whip wherewith the trainer tried to mend her manners. The three other lions sat down to watch the affair. The dogs in the cage understood that something was wrong, though how to remedy matters was quite beyond them. So they stood around awaiting developments, able to demonstrate their willingness to hold up their share of the performance only by doing what they were told with extra diligence. The ambitious bull, in the zeal of his ardor, got himself in trouble first.

The trainer, finding that Gyp absolutely refused to budge, left her to get over her sulks and went after Wallace. It chanced that Wallace's turn came always after the wayward Gyp, and he was not prepared for any alteration. For performing animals, on the stage, are simply living automatons. They do such a thing after a comrade has done such another thing; the music, a stamp of the trainer's foot—small matters that to the unknowing seem accidental, or at most incidental—furnish them their cues. Their proficiency is the result of habit; of doing many times a certain thing at a certain time on a definite signal. So that when Gyp disturbed the established routine, like the one wheel out of gear which throws the whole machine into confusion, Wallace, with the best intentions in the world, got himself hopelessly tangled up. He hesitated, and glanced appealingly at the trainer. The spectators did not know what ailed him, but his distress was so obvious that they instantly sympathized. Some one started encouraging applause; others took it up. Wallace felt better, being assured that nobody was laughing at him. The trainer rubbed the whip butt comfort-

A LEOPARD SPARRING.

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ingly along his back, talked to him a moment, and took him over to the rope. This was in reality a four-inch canvas band stretched taut six feet or so above the floor, with just enough give and sag to make the act appear thrilling, while actually safe enough for the animal if he minded his business.

Wallace put both paws on the lowest of the steps leading to the platform above his head, stopped, and looked unhappy. The trainer encouraged him and sent the bull in to help him out. This the youngster did, enthusiastically; and with much manœuvring got his charge up the steps and safely launched upon the rope. But Wallace was nervous, and showed it. That was none of the bull's business, however; he had carried out his orders, and felt correspondingly jubilant. So, just as Wallace got carefully to the middle of the rope, where the sag was greatest, the bull's feelings overcame him, and he spun around on his tail directly beneath the other, barking joyfully—a grave breach of discipline. Then things happened. It might have made the lion giddy; he might have forgotten for the instant where he was; a number of cogent reasons might be advanced. He stopped short, growling formidably, and looked down at the dog like a cat on a wall. The rope began to sway; Wallace tried to stop it, to advance, to retreat, and only made it swing the harder; suddenly slipped one foot off and fell. Before the house could gasp or the trainer could stir he had landed, on his feet, insulted, humiliated, swelling with outraged dignity and ire. His right paw caught the bull, artlessly prancing over to investigate, and sent him flying as though from a catapult to the other side of the cage, where he dropped with yells of fright and pain. Probably Wallace would have served any other object, animate or inanimate, in like manner; only the bull, for his sins, happened to come first. The other lions leaped to their feet as though galvanized; the trainer caught Wallace and forced him to a crouch; the dogs sprang to attention. Fortunately for all concerned, as in the majority of similar cases, no climax occurred, though people craned forward, stirring with the morbid instinct of curiosity which is inherent in the masses—a curiosity that stretches its neck to look and shrinks blanching when it has seen. The incident ended there—except for the two principals.

When the bull was whole once more, Wallace refused positively to speak to him, despite all his apologetic overtures. Wallace would run no more risks of being rendered ridiculous by any foolish dog who had no more sense than to play such low-down tricks upon a friend. Wallace's acquaintance was forfeit. Only just before his act did the injured one deign to notice his erstwhile chum's existence. Then he ran him into the farthest corner, warned him not to interfere in matters that no longer concerned him on pain of severe chastisement, and went loftily back to do his turn without assistance. The next time he wished

"THEY LEARN TO LOOK FORWARD TO THE HOUR OF THEIR APPEARANCE WITH QUITE HUMAN INTEREST."

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to be prompted he sought out a Russian boar hound, and of his own accord elected him to the position of mentor. And the bull, outcast and forsaken, and with his feelings badly hurt, sat on the floor and howled every time he saw his place usurped in such wise, until he frightened the other lions nearly to death—anything not on the programme is likely to have that effect—so that, finally, he had to be removed from the cage and from his Jonathan for good and all. He never got over it; and Wallace, though still good-natured and docile, ceased to be quite so trusting as formerly.

One of the many queer features to be noted in the study of captive life is the fact that nearly all animals have one particular form of punishment which appeals to them more forcibly than any other. A certain celebrated lion seems to fear nothing in the world save a stick in the trainer's left hand. If in the right hand it is nothing but an ordinary stick, and not at all to be feared; but let the man shift it to his left, and it instantly becomes endowed, to that lion's mind, with limitless powers and possibilities. A frisky young tigress, whose performances are now over, in her palmy days was affected only by her trainer's blowing sharply on her nose. This apparently simple operation never failed to electrify her into an instant's rigid immovability, thus giving the man a chance for more heroic treatment. It appeared to be somewhat in line with the effect which the same performance has upon a rabbit. The trainer discovered this peculiarity quite by accident, and, on the first occasion, was nearly as much astonished at the result as the animal herself.

An instance of this trait took place in Berlin five or six years ago. By way of introduction it should be explained that almost the first thing an animal learns when he is performing with other animals is that his block or chair, or whatever it may be, is his own particular property, where he can retire when his act is over, and where he is sure of not being disturbed by the trainer or his fellows. A lion finds this out very quickly; and if he sees another in his place —even though by accident—will promptly dislodge him, no matter if the intruder be three times his size. Also, it is an unwritten law that an animal shall not interfere with another who is "on the floor," but shall take care to keep well out of his way. As soon as a lion gets to know anything at all of the business, he understands these rules perfectly, and rarely ever violates them.

Three lions were concerned in the following affair: Sammy, a two-year-old of amazingly bucolic habits, newly imported and just beginning his education, consequently very green; Cæsar, a splendid specimen of his race, affable and courteous upon

THE STAR PERFORMER.

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nearly all occasions, with one bad exception; and Cæsar's mate, a shapely young lioness who suffered under the name of Mrs. Grundy, by reason of her exceeding demureness and propriety. Cæsar's block was between Mrs. Grundy's and Sammy's; and he usually turned his back on the latter in order to bestow his whole attention upon his lady-love. He was most devoted; when she was busy and he was not, his eyes were never off her. None of the other lions dared say a word to her when Cæsar was around. He was suspicious of even the trainer. Mrs. Grundy accepted his homage calmly, and ordered him right and left as best suited her whim and pleasure. She ate half his dinner as well as her own; and Cæsar only licked her soft back with his great red tongue and purred. She turned him out of the sunny corner of their cage and lay down in it herself; and Cæsar went off quietly and curled up somewhere else. He was a gentleman through and through; and if she wanted to ride over him rough shod, why, he let her do it. She could not hurt him in any way by it. All the same, to the rest of the world Cæsar was anything but lamblike. His disposition was marred by an abominably quick temper, though after the first flash he was always sorry for it, and begged pardon like a man—sometimes, unluckily, after the damage had been done. And he was so sincerely repentant, and showed it so plainly, that the trainer could not but forgive him. That did not hinder the man from trying by every means in his power to prevent these outbursts of

"HIS COLD EYES LAUGH AT YOU WITH A SNEER."

WALLACE, THE TRUSTING ONE.

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rage, which flared up on slight irritation, and were preceded by a quivering of the animal's whole body; and which, apparently, nothing could control.

Upon the night of Sammy's *début* things went off all right until after the see-saw act. Sammy had not yet become fully accustomed to the rocking plank, though he stood that and the lights and the gaze of the crowds remarkably well. But he was glad when it was over, and jumped down in a hurry to get to his block. It has been said that Sammy was bucolic; he was also clumsy, and had no manners at all. And in addition, he was somewhat upset. It came to pass that Mrs. Grundy, who had also been on the see-saw, left it just as Sammy did, and, either through inadvertence or because she thought she could treat all creation as she treated her indulgent lord and master, leaped coolly up on Sammy's block and settled herself comfortably. She even started to wash her face. So when Sammy came along, he found his place taken. Now Sammy knew perfectly well that this was not right; and it must be confessed that he had the law on his side. Mrs. Grundy knew it quite as well, and cared not a flirt of her tail for it. Had she not Cæsar to take care of her? Sammy should have remembered that he was in the city where people acted—if they did not feel so—in a genteel manner and with due regard for appearances. But, being an ignorant lout, he did a most ungallant thing. He did not offer violence—no lion in his right mind ever bares tooth against a female of his race, unless to save his own life. But he went behind and pushed; and Mrs. Grundy slid off the block to the floor. Instantly Cæsar, who had watched the situation with rising wrath, leaped from his block straight for Sammy's throat. If he had found his grip, the show would then and there have been the loser by several hundred dollars' worth of valuable raw material. But if gallantry was not in Sammy's line, fighting was; and before the trainer could reach them they were at it nip and tuck. The bone of contention got back on the forbidden block and looked on placidly. Then a thing happened. In the scrimmage Sammy found Cæsar's ear in his mouth, and, naturally enough, bit it. Cæsar cowered down like a beaten hound, and Sammy, mightily astonished, drew off. The trainer promptly whipped them all three back to their respective places and administered reprimands all around; and the performance ended, since all the actors were too generally worked up to be of further

"NOTHING TO DO BUT WATCH."

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A TROOP OF PERFORMING LEOPARDS.

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use. But Sammy had unconsciously given his keen-eyed trainer an idea; and the next time the little premonitory tremor ran along Cæsar's knotted muscles, the man grabbed his ear. Again Cæsar slunk down into submission; and after that the solution of the problem was plain. It is safe to say that with not another lion in a hundred would such a mode of treatment have had the slightest effect.

All of which only goes to show of how little value are theories, in regard to this most risky of businesses—lion training—unless founded upon facts which may be gained only by experience. One is forever discovering something new; something that, had he not met with cases to the full as strange, he would have set down as incredible. Evidences of almost human intelligence, of what is near akin to reasoning power, of a putting together of cause and effect; instances of cold-blooded treachery, of gallant defence, of pronounced affection and equally pronounced hate; philosophical endurance, sullen submission, sav-

WAITING FOR THEIR CUES.

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agely impotent rebellion against that which may not be opposed nor overcome—all this one may find, and more. Who may know the seething undercurrents flowing beneath the surface of the dreary monotony of outward existence; the fierce unrest, the inherited love and longing for the hot life of the jungle, which even small things born in captivity feel, though they may never know? For it is their nature; and Nature is ever true unto herself.

How can an unreasoning brute experience any such depth of feeling, being not gifted with the greater capacity for emotion of man?

Watch him, study him, be it never so little; and he will answer that question for himself. Unmistakably.

GOING THROUGH HIS PACES.

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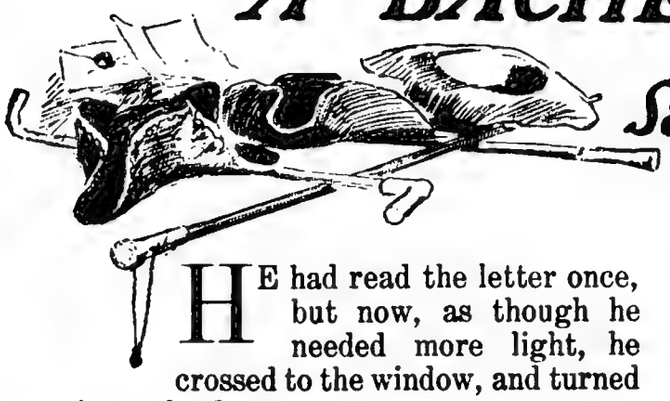
A BACHELOR'S WARD



By Sarah Beaumont Kennedy

HE had read the letter once, but now, as though he needed more light, he crossed to the window, and turned again to the first page:

MY DEAR MASTER TAGGART:

I am Ridley Faulcon's widow, and I am dying here in Virginia. No person of her own blood is near to receive my poor little girl (the only child God left me), who in a few hours will be alone in the world. In my extremity I have remembered the friendship between your dead brother and my husband; and more particularly have I recalled the fact that my husband once saved your life. The details of this I have forgotten, but the fact remains in my memory and forms the strongest claim I have on any man's friendship. And so, knowing the end is near, and having nowhere else to turn, I bequeath to you my child Winifred. She will have a maintenance, but for tenderness she will be dependent on you and your wife, to whom I commend her. Remember always that she is Ridley Faulcon's child and a dying woman's legacy.

Yours in faith,

ANNE FAULCON.

Again John Taggart turned back and stood before the fire. The reflection in the mantel mirror showed a man of medium height, slenderly built. His hair, tied into a queue, was deep auburn in tone, and the skin of his clean-shaven face was as delicate as a woman's, showing readily every fluctuation of color. Fine cambric ruffles frilled his shirt front and wristbands, and silver buckles caught the ribbons which hid the meeting of knee breeches and long silken hose. When he lifted his eyes they showed blue as gentian blooms. A "lady's man," the casual observer would have said, noting the fine taste of his toilet; and yet of all things in the world a woman was what John Taggart most feared, unless she were gray-headed. He went whole blocks out of his way to avoid a pretty maid out for an airing; and if chance threw them together, it was his face that was red, not hers. With this diffidence holding him aloof, it was not surprising that he was approaching his thirtieth birthday a bachelor. And to him of all men had been bequeathed a girl who must grow into womanhood! As he stood before the fire thinking, the door opened and a stout, elderly woman entered.

"Sister Susan, do you recall our brother Joseph's former friend, Ridley Faulcon, of Virginia?"

"Yes, truly; though 'tis more than twenty years since I saw him. He died just after Joseph—nine years ago. But what put you in mind of him to-day?"

For answer, John placed the letter into her hand, but after reading it she protested that she did not understand.

"I do," he answered. "Mistress Faulcon never saw any member of our family except brother Joseph, so she knew naught of our relative ages—that Joseph and her husband were each twenty years my senior. She has evidently thought of me as being but a little younger, and of course as having had the good sense to marry. She did not know that I was but a slip of a lad when her husband saved me from drowning. And with all this misapprehension in her mind, she has appointed me guardian of her little girl."

And when Sister Susan had taken this in, they set themselves to guess the child's age, and made out that she must be about ten years old.

"Pray heaven she has had the whooping cough and red measles!" said Sister Susan plaintively. "When does she come, John?"

Then John read aloud another letter from the same envelope:

MASTER JOHN TAGGART.

Dear Sir: The discrepancy between the dates of these letters of three months is explained by my illness at the time of Mistress Faulcon's demise. Winifred and her property were left in my care until such time as I can deliver them to you. This will not be before spring, at which time I shall make a journey south and will pass through New Berne-town. Say to your wife that Winifred is sensitive, yet have I ever found her a good and biddable child.

Your obe't servant,

GEORGE WATKINS.

So John and Attorney Watkins settled matters between them, with only a message

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from Winifred, and it was spring before another letter came, heralding the arrival of the little stranger. Those last days were full of excitement for Sister Susan, who was never weary of planning some fresh comfort for the child. If it had only been a boy John would have been equally delighted, for he often felt the need of some tenderness other than the motherly affection Sister Susan had lavished on him from babyhood.

"She will of course have the room opening into mine," she said; "I shall take out the high four-poster with the red tester and put in your trundle bed from the garret."

So John assisted in the exchange, and, under his sister's directions, sawed off the spindle legs of the dressing-table and lowered the mirror, getting down on his knees to judge if it were the right height for a little maid of ten, and feeling a bit foolish as he did so. A couple of bars across the window he thought unnecessary, but Sister Susan insisted, so he screwed them in place. Under cover of darkness, lest his friends jeer him, he brought home a little chair with red rockers, and the room was complete. Then Sister Susan showed him her chief surprise for the child—a doll which she had dressed in red satin from one of the gowns of her faded youth.

John made a careful toilet the April afternoon whereon he went to meet the boat which was to bring Attorney Watkins and the little maid. At a baker's he stopped and bought a package of tiny sugar rabbits, which he meant to dole out to Winifred if she proved unfriendly. On deck of the boat he found the attorney, who, after a greeting, put his head in the cabin and called: "Winifred!" And John felt surreptitiously for the package of sweets.

"Ah, there she comes along the deck behind you," said the old man.

"My dear child—" John's voice was patronizing, and the box was half out of his pocket. But the sentence died upon his lips; for she who stood before him was no child, but a young woman so tall that she overtopped his shoulder. From under the frill of her bonnet her gray eyes looked at him in startled, incredulous surprise.

"My child," said the lawyer, "this is Master Taggart, your guardian, who will hereafter stand to you in place of a father."

Her glance swept over him; then a light of laughter fought down the surprise in her eyes, and the corners of her mouth twitched. Seeing which, and thinking she had descried the ill-fated sweets, Johen reddened guiltily.

"'Tis very good of you to burden yourself with me, Master Taggart. I hope we shall be mutually good and give each other no trouble," she said, with an assumption of equality that settled at once the relations between them. And John bowed low.

On shore they put Master Watkins into the sedan-chair that was waiting, and he and she went down the street alone. He never forgot that walk—the gaze of the people they met, the debate within himself whether he should offer her his arm, which lasted so long that he decided even if it were proper it were now too late. It was only now and then that he ventured to look at her directly; then he noted the lithe poise of her body, the sure tread, the pretty but unembarrassed manner, and the pale brown hair under the edge of her bonnet. Yes, she was pretty, but that only made his guardianship all the more difficult. If she had to be grown, why could she not be plain and matter-of-fact?

As he opened his gate for her to pass in, he saw Sister Susan come out upon the porch with something crimson in her hand which he knew intuitively was the satin-frocked doll. A cold perspiration came out on his brow as he thought of such an offering to this self-possessed young woman; and then an insane desire to laugh seized him as he saw his sister, forgetful of propriety, lean forward and stare open-mouthed at the stranger. Even at the far end of the long walk he seemed to feel the startled shock that passed through her. Then her figure straightened and, her eyes still on the advancing figure, her right hand stole behind her; something made a crimson streak along the air—and John knew a maid in the hall had caught the puppet. He wished she had also that package of sugar rabbits which insisted on bulging out his pocket.

Sister Susan's greeting was very incoherent, but the girl did not seem to notice it, for she kept looking expectantly into the hall beyond as though she awaited another introduction. Even in the parlor her eyes held this same expression. While the maid was serving the guests with tea, Sister Susan beckoned John into the rear hall.

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"THE HAT THAT LAY OFTENEST ON THE HALL TABLE."

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"Think of that trundle bed upstairs," she whispered tragically.

"I have thought of it."

"And the sawed-off dresser," she went on.

"And the bars in the window," he supplemented.

"And the little-girl chair with the red rockers. Everything has got to be changed—you must go back and entertain her."

So John went back; and from the sounds of moving and stealthy sawing that presently came from overhead, he knew that the big four-poster was being reinstated, while the little dresser and trundle bed were again exiled to the company of garret rats and spiders. And he sighed to know it was thus; then started to find that Master Watkins had dozed in his chair, and that the girl was leaning forward with that expectant light in her eyes.

"Where is your wife?" she asked in a whisper.

"My—my—I do not understand you," John stammered, amazed.

"I said your wife. And your child, where is he?"

"My child?" he repeated, while the color spread in a tidal wave from his cheeks to his ears and neck.

"Yes; where are they both? Why do they not come and speak with me? Is it that they do not want me in the house? If so, I will go away at once with Master Watkins. I do not wish to stay if I am not wanted." There was something like a sob in her voice.

"You are mistaken—I have no—that is, I—I am not married."

"Why, of course you are married," she said in direct contradiction.

"No—I—er—really, I am a bachelor," John protested, as though he were defending himself from some heinous charge.

Her lip ceased to tremble and curled instead. "Why, you said in the letter you wrote that Mistress Taggart sent her love and sympathy."

"Oh, that was Sister Susan," he said, his cheeks beginning to cool a little.

"But mamma told me you were married, and your son's name was Henry."

"That was my brother Stephen; your mother mixed our identities."

"And who, then, is to look after me?" she asked, with quivering lips.

"Why, Sister Susan; she is the only mother I ever knew."

There was a moment's silence; then she said, half laughing, half crying: "This is absolutely absurd! I thought you were an old man."

"And I thought you were a little girl."

And when Sister Susan came in she found them looking at each other with veiled curiosity over the rims of their tea-cups.

The coming of Winifred instituted a new order of things in the Taggart household. Each afternoon when John came from the warehouse, masculine hats and canes lay on the hall table, or trills of girlish laughter floated down from the room upstairs where the big four-poster held such solemn state. The masculine guests troubled him but little; but when Winifred, followed by two or three laughing girls, came down the steps and summoned him to set the gate open for them or reach them fruit or flowers, he was instantly plunged into a state of palpitant confusion. And what added to his trouble was the fact that he knew she saw it and was secretly laughing at him. He grew positively to hate himself for that senseless trick of blushing. She made all manner of demands upon his time and attention; one afternoon he must read to her, another he must come early from the warehouse to help her tie up the wind-blown roses; at another time he must find her a music master, or he must spend hours in the shops matching the slender silks she sewed into her embroidery. On wet Sundays, when Sister Susan's rheumatism kept her at home, Winifred insisted on going to church on John's arm, which so disturbed his equanimity that he took to playing ill himself on these occasions, preferring his sister's herb teas to the knowing nods and smirks that followed him and Winifred up the aisle. But although she teased him, she had a pretty way of being sorry; and his forgiveness was always eagerly extended, for, although he knew it not, he had found the tenderness his life had missed and which Sister Susan had never been able to supply. So the months passed.

"Do you know," Winifred said to him one winter afternoon as they walked in the garden, "that you and Betty Gaston would make a lovely couple? I have quite made up my mind to marry you off."

"That is not usually the part of a ward toward her guardian."

"I know; but our relations should be changed in such matters. I do not need a

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guardian to aid me in gaining lovers, but in getting rid of them. Which reminds me, Jack" (she had an alluring way of calling him Jack when she particularly desired his acquiescence in any matter), "I have a proposal of marriage on my hands."

"I pray you, who may the gentleman be?"

"Master Matthew Manley. He loves me, so 'twould be cruel to be over-decisive with him; and so I have thought that as my guardian you might tell him he was

"'THEY ARE THE EXACT SHADE OF YOUR EYES, MASTER TAGGART.'"

He stopped suddenly under a lilac bush, in whose bare branches a riotous jay made a bit of glorious color. A mist wavered between her face and his eyes, and he waited to clear his throat.

"A proposal of marriage—what will you do with it?"

"I am going to be dutiful and let you settle it for me."

His throat was clear again, for in her tone was no tremor of a love confidence.

full young to wed, and so hold him off a bit."

"Since you are indifferent, why not dismiss him at once?"

"Oh, 'tis no use to be so severe. By the time he reaches the age of discretion I may have changed my mind. Besides, 'twill look interesting to have him sighing after me for a while."

"I like not the business," he protested. But she so insisted, pinning a crocus into

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his buttonhole the while, that in the end he yielded, and he forgot the discomfiture of the interview when she gave him her hand to kiss by way of reward.

But that was only the beginning. Before six weeks were out, she sent him Asa Street for similar treatment. "Only his dismissal must be final."

"And prithee, what fault find you with Asa?" asked Sister Susan.

"He is so—so tall. One has to take a tall man so much upon faith."

"And Matthew was too short. What is your standard for tallness in a man?"

Winifred paused with a pretty air of thoughtful hesitancy, then lifted her soft eyes to John: "Methinks Master Taggart is a most beautiful height, neither tall nor short; I shall measure my suitors by him."

John's face was scarlet, but Sister Susan said sniffily: "They will none of them measure up to him in goodness."

"I know," and again her eyes went up to his; and again he wondered and reddened.

"Winifred, why not tell Asa yourself? 'Tis most distasteful to me."

"Why, John, 'tis going near to kill him when he finds I can never care for him," she said, with her sensitive mouth a-quiver; "and you know you had rather do a cruel thing than have me do it."

So Asa got his dismissal; and after that John took to watching the hats on the hall table apprehensively, speculating on the next victim, and asking himself, with a stab in the heart, who the final fortunate man would be.

When Mistress Pollock gave her famous party, Winifred said John must escort her thither. In vain he refused; she would not listen, but interrupted him with directions as to his toilet.

"You must have a new waistcoat, a white flowered silk one; and you must wear that plum-colored coat with the satin knee breeches to match. Oh, but you will be handsome beyond the telling, for that coat contrasts perfectly with the fine shade of your eyes!"

"But I never go to such places," he answered nervously, but keeping in mind what she said of his looks. He would find her an escort, he promised; and yet, when she sent for the tailor, he stood up without a demurrer and allowed himself to be measured for the waistcoat. And on the evening of the party nothing remained for him but to dress and take her to the house of festivity, though he assured himself that he need go only to the door. He did not confess that he was longing to hear what she would say about the new waistcoat; but he tingled with pleasure when, in the parlor, she exclaimed enthusiastically:

"Ah, Master Taggart, but you are exquisite!"

Then Sister Susan put the girl's cloak about her and they went out into the night; and all the way Winifred clung to his arm and chatted gayly. At the door he handed her in and would have turned back, but she held his hand tight, declaring vehemently she could not enter alone.

"Oh, you must come with me! They would think you were unmindful of me, and that I had been let to come alone."

And before he realized it they were in the brilliantly lighted hall, and retreat was impossible; for there stood Master Pollock with outstretched hand, and the hostess was expressing her pleasure at seeing him. After the greeting he wanted to sit down, but Winifred protested, and, reluctantly, he made the tour of the rooms with her hand on his sleeve and her sparkling face close to his shoulder; and at every step his embarrassment grew, for on all sides were comments on his presence or his personal appearance.

"Why, John, 'tis ten years since I saw you look so well," declared Mistress Gaston, who had known him from babyhood.

"He is altogether lovely," Winifred exclaimed, tapping his arm with her fan; then further added to his disquiet by whispering: "What a fine color you have, John."

Presently young Thomas Pollock stopped them, saying: "You are going to dance in this minuet? Stand right here."

"No, indeed," cried John hastily.

"Why, of course we are," Winifred said, looking surprised.

"Winifred, you—you know I do not dance. I do not know how, and I would not for the world——"

"Oh, yes, you would if I ask you! See, all the men have partners; if you do not dance with me I shall have to sit like a wall-flower."

"Winifred, come away," he pleaded; "I should die of mortification——"

"Oh, no, you will not. I told Matthew I would not dance with him because really

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this first dance was yours. Come back, Master Taggart!" for he had started a retreat, but she held him by the sleeve. "Really, it is very easy. Ah, there is the music; it is too late to give up the place. Turn this way; now bow to me—now to Betty opposite you. That was charming. Now take my hand—so."

And scarcely believing his senses he found himself moving with the girl through the mazes of the minuet. Every eye in the room seemed riveted upon him, and each time he heard an onlooker say, "There is John Taggart actually dancing," his knees bent under him and the floor seemed rising up to smite him in the face. He broke Winifred's fan, trod on Matthew's feet, tore Betty's gown, and was more awkward and embarrassed than ever in his life before. But when the ordeal was over and he had sunk limply upon a divan, Winifred, sitting close beside him, declared he had done beautifully, and only needed a little practice to become an accomplished dancer. "He bowed with such grace, he had just the figure for the minuet, and made an appearance a hundred times better than Matthew or even Thomas Pollock." Thus she ran on, and her praise soothed and softened his mortification. But he refused emphatically to dance again, and, resigning her to Thomas, he spent the rest of the evening in a corner, noting with delight her winsome grace, and, with that stab in the heart, her pleasure in her young host's attentions. This tall, courtly young fellow might be the one who would rob him of his ward and leave the old house desolate. And after that thought the moments dragged.

"Good-night, John; you have behaved like an angel," Winifred said in the hall at home, while Sister Susan held the candle on the stair. "You may—yes, you may kiss my cheek as a reward for your amiability."

She looked very beautiful with her face lifted and her cloak slipping from her bare shoulders. A bolder man would have kissed her lips and considered himself well justified; but John, blushing like a boy, reached only as far as the tip of her ear, and then lay awake the rest of the night recalling the ecstasy of that momentary touch, and cursing himself for a bashful fool to have accepted so small a favor.

The hat that lay oftenest on the hall table during the next weeks was Thomas Pollock's, and Sister Susan began to say she thought Winifred had at last found the right man for a husband, and that John must urge the marriage upon her since it was so desirable. Everybody else said it was sure to be a match; and John took to looking at the girl wistfully as she sat at her sewing, and to sending his plate away with his meals only half eaten. And Sister Susan dosed him plenteously on herb teas. At last the day came when Winifred entered the sitting-room and, dropping into a chair across the table from him, said:

"Master Pollock is in the parlor desiring to speak with you."

He waited until the pens and inkstand stopped dancing a complicated figure before his eyes, then asked:

"What is the nature of his business?"

"I am the nature of it. He—wants to marry me."

"Yes," he answered dully. Then remembering Sister Susan's injunction, he added: "He will make you a most excellent husband."

"Do you wish that I should marry him? Are you then so anxious to be rid of me?" There was a subtly soft note in her voice, and her hand, as if by accident, was as far across the table as the inkstand. He had a mad desire to seize it, while he told her what an abode of gloom the house would be without her; but he dreaded the sound of her laughter; so he answered without looking up:

"My chief wish is for your happiness."

"Then I shall not marry Thomas Pollock." She withdrew her hand abruptly, sharply.

"Why, then, have you so led him on to a proposal?"

"*I* led him on! How can you say such an untrue thing?"

"You have let him come here three times a week."

"He came of his own accord. I did but treat him civilly when here."

"You danced with no one else at Mistress Gaston's ball."

"That was because you lost your manners and did not ask me yourself."

His hand was now creeping over the table; but after a moment he drew it back and stood up slowly. "I will go and see Thomas," he said wearily.

"That is lovely of you! And remember, Jack, nothing will induce me to marry him;

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make him understand that, and ask him to forgive me."

Later on she heard the front door slam, and presently John entered the sitting-room, his usually rubicund face a trifle pale.

"Winifred, you had promised to marry that man."

"Yes, Master Taggart," she stammered, affrighted at his anger.

"Promised him that and meant it not—cared not for him?" She nodded without looking up. "Then why, in Heaven's name, did you play such a miserable jest upon him and send me upon such a fool's errand?"

"It was this way," she stammered. "We were on the pier when he asked me; Sister Susan was yards behind, and—and he looked so fiercely in earnest that I was afraid he would—would push me off into the river if I said no. Indeed I was!"

"That is the most heartless nonsense I ever heard. You should have given him an honest answer."

"Oh, Jack, it is so difficult to say no when a man loves you!" Her soft eyes were on his, and her lips were tremulous. His head swam, but he steadied himself and said sternly:

"Well, a fine state of things you have brought about, for if Thomas were not so true a gentleman he might make us trouble." Then recalling again Sister Susan's injunction, he added rather lamely: "He is young and handsome; what possible objection do you find to him?"

"I—er—I know not. Oh, yes, I do; his eyes are hazel."

"His eyes! What nonsense——"

"Yes, that is it, his eyes are hazel; and—and really I could not marry any one unless—unless his eyes were blue, Jack. I should be miserable with any other color—truly, truly I should!"

It was the subtlest flattery possible, for were not his own eyes blue?—and her hand again lay carelessly upon the table. His own had almost reached it, and eager words were on his lips, when the door opened and Sister Susan entered. The interruption came in time, John told himself soberly, for of course Winifred had not meant him at all, and for sake of her comfort she must not know of his foolish fancy. But he was so grave during the succeeding weeks that the girl's heart smote her, and she assured him for the third time that she had quite given up coquetry, and was now settled down to a sober behavior; but he shook his head incredulously.

"You will be sending me another victim within the month. I believe the young men already call me 'Mistress Winifred's headsman.'"

"What a shame!" But the next minute she laughed.

The weeks passed; it was again wide-eyed May-time; John and Winifred had been busy in the flower garden all the afternoon, but in the aftermath of the sunset they were resting in the rose arbor.

"What a fine glow the exercise has brought to your cheeks," he said.

She turned toward him gravely: "John, do you know you have been flirting with me shamefully all the afternoon?" He flushed furiously. "Yes, you have," she continued, nodding emphatically. "When we were setting those verbenas you declared that my hands were like snowdrops against the dark mould. When I praised Betty's hair you said mine was a much prettier hue; and now you are praising my color."

"But, Winifred—you spoke first of your hands, and——"

"But you said they looked like snowdrops."

"And you asked me which shade of hair I liked best."

"And you distinctly preferred mine. Do you think it is quite right for you to trifle thus with me?"

"I—I was not trifling."

"'Twould be wicked of you to break my heart." Then she leaned dangerously near to him and held up a bunch of violets against his face. "They are the exact shade of your eyes, Master Taggart."

He did not know where the courage came from, but the next moment he had her tight about the waist. "Winifred, you once said you would marry no man whose eyes were not blue—mine are blue, and will never look at you with anything but love. Will you marry me?"

"You—you must speak with my guardian. He said I would be sending him another victim within the month," she stammered.

"I refuse to be headsman any longer."

"You will not dismiss yourself?"

"No, never!" and he held her closer.

"Well, I have never had the heart to say any man nay, and if you will not say it this time for me, I suppose— Yes, Jack, that

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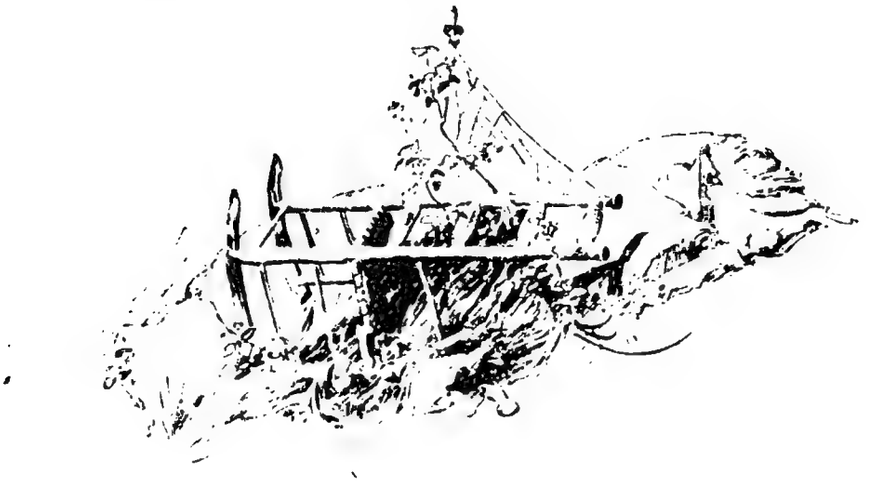
is what I mean," for he had kissed her full on the mouth.

"Why did you not ask me six months ago? I have waited so long for you to speak," she said presently.

He looked at her in amazement. "You knew before this afternoon that I loved you?"

"John, dear," she said softly, as she put her hand into his, "you have had your own head in the sand, but I am not an ostrich nor the descendant of an ostrich."



THE LAPIDARY.

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

NOW Life, thy vital blades lay bare
To carve the heart's blood-red intaglio
Or frail relief of rising cameo!
Not Love's cut—deepest of them all, shall spare
A vivid vein. Her martyrdoms shall wear,
Her rigors burnish, till the signet glow;
Each sharper stress a fonder curve bestow—
A lustre in disguise each new despair—
Upon the gem of Spirit heraldry.
May such immortal chiselling dethrone
The pride of Greece and Egypt's scarabee,
And shame the cowardice that would have thrown
Unto the maelstroms of eternity,
Mere squandered jewel dust from broken stone!

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" 'MY NAME IS NANCY REYNOLDS.'"

WHERE FRIENDSHIP CEASES.

By Eleanor Hoyt.

Illustrated by Penrhyn Stanlaws.

ROLLINS and Ormsby are not on good terms. The situation is complicated by the fact that the two men are joint owners of a bachelor apartment near Washington Square, and even if they go out to meals and leave their cook to a life of inglorious ease, they are fairly sure to fall over each other in the hall several times a day.

The obvious moral of the tale seems to be that no Damon and Pythias should strain the bonds of mutual liking to the point of living together. The Elysian Fields could never live up to their reputation if the blessed were expected to breakfast in company. Still, this Washington Square apartment scheme worked beautifully for months. It would still be running smoothly, on pneumatic tires, were it not for Nancy; and though that young woman isn't to blame, she will be held responsible for the trouble. The woman is always held responsible for the trouble. Adam and the man who perpetrated "*cherchez la femme*" have established precedents infinitely soothing to their sex. Nancy's plea of not guilty would influence no masculine jury; but, in point of fact, the fates and the telegraph company worked Rollins's undoing.

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There have been many festive dinners at the bachelor apartment. Rollins and Ormsby gave them together, or thought they did. In reality, Watkins, the English butler, gave the dinners. He allowed the other two men to invite the guests, but reserved critical rights even in regard to that detail.

The dinners did Watkins credit. Watkins did not feel that the chosen guests invariably reflected credit upon the hosts. As he once remarked to a sympathetic cook, "Young men will be young men, Mrs. Ruggles, and the ladies of the stage I can understand, ma'am; but them literary people!" Rollins, himself, is guilty of poetry in his irresponsible moments, but Watkins overlooks that, "for his father was a gentleman, Mrs. Ruggles, and no matter what goes wrong, blood will tell."

It was only a month ago that Miss Reynolds's name drifted into the bachelor apartment conversation. Rollins was responsible for its *début*. Many feminine names had dawned and faded upon the apartment horizon, and in "Reynolds," alone, there was nothing portentous; but taken in conjunction with an unwonted anxiety as to neckties, and a forced and unnatural blossoming of sonnets, the name was alarming. Ormsby became interested.

Rollins's peculiar uncommunicativeness increased the interest.

Miss Reynolds was, apparently, the only *bona fide* specimen of the real thing in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, but Rollins's air suggested that she was put away securely in a time-lock safe of which he alone knew the combination.

When the respective stars of Rose and Margaret and Ruth and Gladys and their sisters were in the ascendant, Rollins had sung the young women's praises early and late, had talked of the loved ones *ad nauseam*, had taken Ormsby to call, so that he, too, might worship and adore.

But until a week before the peace and harmony of the apartment were rent asunder, Ormsby didn't know whether Miss Reynolds had a given name. He had labored for weeks before finding out whether she was blond or brunette. Her local habitation was a sealed book. To suggestions that she should be included in dinner invitations, Rollins was deaf.

Ormsby concluded that the matter was serious, and felt flattered by the logical conclusion that Rollins considered him dangerous. He even studied his good-looking face carefully in his mirror, and decided that Rollins really wasn't such an ass as one might think. Then, one day, Ormsby's father came to town. Now Ormsby's father is an institution—an institution for which his son and heir entertains a profound respect. The amount of his fortune demands respect. So does his gout. But, as Ormsby, Junior, often says, it is the old gentleman's vocabulary, as adapted to his gouty hours, that commands enthusiastic admiration. It would win humble reverence from a cigar-store Indian.

When Ormsby, Senior, comes to town, Ormsby, Junior, dances to strings attached to the gouty foot. He forsakes everything and cleaves to the governor. In direct proportion to the closeness of his cleaving does the size of the check which he will receive at parting grow and increase.

Rollins usually protests against the paternal visitations. Having a tailor of his own, he recognizes the exigencies of the situation, but he objects to being deprived of his chum's society. However, when, on this particular occasion, a dispatch announced to Ormsby that his father would spend the week in New York, Rollins bore up like a hero. He even seemed to take on new cheerfulness.

"The old gentleman will get in to-morrow afternoon?" he asked.

"Yes," said Ormsby.

"Then of course you'll have to dine with him to-morrow evening?"

"Sure thing."

They separated for the day. The next morning at the breakfast-table Rollins mentioned casually that he expected a young married couple of their acquaintance to dine with him in the evening.

"Sorry you can't be here, old chap," he added genially.

Ordinarily Ormsby leaves his office at four o'clock, but that afternoon, as luck and the type-writer would have it, he was shockingly delayed. He had promised to join his father at the hotel at six o'clock. At six forty-five he rushed home to dress, reflecting gloomily the while that the governor was probably making the air around him violently ultramarine, and preparing for the prodigal son a variety of veal that would be swallowed with difficulty.

In the hall he met Watkins. There were no signs of prospective festivity in the dining-room.

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"'MR. ROLLINS LIVES HERE?'"

"Where's the dinner party?" he asked, as he jammed pearl studs into a dress shirt.

"The cook left at noon," said Watkins, with the solemn joy of one who announces dire calamity.

"The deuce she did! Then the dinner's off?"

"Mr. Rollins telegraphed to the guests, sir."

"Where's Rollins?"

"He's gone to get the young lady who was coming, sir. He's going to take her to dinner and to the theatre."

"Young lady! Why, he didn't say—Who was she, Watkins?"

"I couldn't say, sir. Mr. Rollins didn't mention the name."

Ormsby was struggling with his tie. He dropped the conversation, also several expressions more forcible than Christian in regard to the man who first invented neckties.

The door-bell rang.

Watkins disappeared.

Ormsby, picking up his overcoat and looking around hopelessly for his opera hat, heard a soft, feminine voice saying:

"Mr. Rollins lives here?"

"Yes, miss," came in Watkins's best company accents, "but he isn't in at present, miss."

"Not in?"

There was a note of embarrassment and a whole gamut of surprise in the echo.

"No, miss. He's gone out to dinner and the theatre."

"But you are entertaining at dinner this evening."

The embarrassment had deepened. The surprise had melted into consternation.

"I beg pardon, miss, but the cook left, unexpected like, at noon, and Mr. Rollins had to telegraph the guests not to come."

There was a gasp, distinctly audible in Ormsby's room.

He drew aside the curtain and stepped into the hall. Watkins obliterated himself. A vision in a soft, shimmering pink gown and hood, and a long cloak of lace and fur stood in the doorway. Her head was held very high. Her cheeks were uncommonly pink. The gray eyes that met Ormsby's were half indignant, half amused, wholly beautiful. Ormsby didn't know her. He felt convinced at once that not knowing her had been a bit of beastly bad luck.

"I have come to dinner," said the vision firmly, but with a lurking dimple threatening to dash into the open.

"You didn't get a dispatch from Dick?"

She shook her head. The chiffon hood slipped back, disclosing a distracting arrangement of golden fluffiness rippling into gold-brown shadow.

"I was invited to dine here at seven," she said. "Your man tells me the cook is gone. Did you, by any chance, save the chaperon?"

Ormsby's attention was gliding giddily over the ripples, but he tried to pull himself into coherence.

"I suppose the other people got their telegrams. Nobody's here. I don't understand. Dick has gone to— I suppose— He didn't tell——"

He was stammering joyously and inwardly cursing himself for a blundering fool. This was Dick's break. There was no reason why he should be embarrassed.

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"A VISION IN A SOFT, SHIMMERING PINK GOWN AND HOOD . . . STOOD IN THE DOORWAY."

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"I think you must be Mr. Ormsby," said the vision. "My name is Nancy Reynolds."

A great light broke upon Ormsby's brain, and an unholy joy took possession of his soul.

So this was Rollins's little game! Verily the gods were good.

"THE GRAY EYES THAT MET ORMSBY'S WERE HALF INDIGNANT, HALF AMUSED, WHOLLY BEAUTIFUL."

"It is awfully unfortunate," he said feelingly. "There has been some mistake about the telegram. He will be dreadfully cut up."

He didn't mention that Rollins was at that moment on his way to take the young woman to dinner and to the theatre. Why go into details?

"I've sent away my cab. Really, you know, it is all rather provoking."

The vision was evidently irritated. As evidently her sense of humor was wrestling with her wrath. Moreover, if gray eyes are to be believed, she did not consider it necessary to visit her anger upon the innocent friend of the guilty Rollins.

Ormsby looked at the eyes and threw his chum overboard without a shadow of compunction. After all, Rollins hadn't played fair.

"I will telephone for a cab, but you mustn't stand here in the hall. Won't you come in and wait?"

She hesitated, then followed him down the narrow hall to the drawing-room.

"Perhaps the imposing person who opened the door for me can chaperon us," she said, with a touch of embarrassment. "I'm afraid it is all distinctly unconventional. Bachelor apartments, and a strange young man, and no chaperon within seventy blocks. Will you please tell the cabman to hurry?"

Ormsby obeyed orders. It comforted his soul to realize that New York cabmen are impervious to such orders.

After telephoning he sat down across the room from Nancy, and gave himself up to the joy of it. For the first time he realized just why he and Rollins had put silvery green paper on the wall. It was in order that a slender figure in rosy pink and a crown of red-gold hair might glow and flame against a green background. Incidentally he reflected that he had been altogether wrong when he guyed Rollins about buying that impossible old oak chair. Of course it did look more or less like a stage throne, but when there is a chance of entertaining a queen— Only he wished she wouldn't stroke that carved griffin on the chair arm, and that the other grinning beast wouldn't lay his head against her soft white shoulder. Someway or other it seemed so confoundedly impertinent and familiar. There is the making of a first-rate Turk in Ormsby. He didn't mention his feeling about the griffins. On the contrary, he talked of "shoes and ships and sealing wax" with laudable gravity. Ormsby is a gentleman if his tendencies are Turkish. Still, in his heart he was glad that he had had the forethought to telephone to Sixty-third Street for a cab, instead of ordering one around the corner. A young woman couldn't be expected to know anything about the telephone numbers of cab stables, even when she heard them called. Occasionally a mental picture of a gouty old gentleman in a hotel room arose and smote the old gentleman's son with horror, but the awesome vision died away in a glow of rose-pink and red-gold. One's readiness to pay the piper depends upon the quality of the dance.

"It's a terrible grind on Dick," said Dick's chum, with fine relish. Nancy looked pathetic. When Nancy drifts into gentle

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pathos, men who know her will reach for life preservers, but Ormsby did not know her.

"My sympathy is all for myself," she said. "Of course this is all very charming," she added, with a glance that neutralized the chill into which her first remark had cast Ormsby, and raised his temperature to fever heat, "but—but it really is embarrassing, and——"

She blushed. Bobby always says that the blush is more fatal than the pathos.

She looked at Ormsby doubtfully. Then with a little outburst of friendly confidence leaned toward him.

"It's worse than embarrassing," she said. "It's tragic! My mother has gone out for dinner, and she told both maids they might go and stay until nine o'clock."

Ormsby arose to the occasion. He believed he had evolved a glittering idea, without assistance. Bobby would have known better. Ormsby's guardian angel clutched at his shoulder, but Ormsby shook him off. A gout-inspired torrent of paternal opinion clamored in his ears, but could not daunt him.

"I wish," he began, then paused to take breath, and went on with a rush, "I wish you would let me take you to dinner. I haven't had mine, and I'd have to dine alone." (Shades of the waiting governor!) "It's such forlorn work dining alone. I'd be so awfully pleased if you would go with me."

It was out. He looked at her apprehensively. The pink gown and hood and the stunning fur cloak that had slipped from her shoulders all seemed appallingly Philistine and conventional.

Nancy was surprised. Any one could have seen that. She was also shocked; not discouragingly shocked, however. The shading was masterly. She looked at him with her pretty head a trifle tipped to one side. Evidently tradition and inclination were struggling within her. If Ormsby could have remembered a prayer, he would have said it. He did start in on one, but he didn't know the rest of it, and, anyway, it didn't seem to fit the case.

"I'm afraid," said the vision doubtfully

"'I THINK YOU MUST BE MR. ORMSBY,' SAID THE VISION."

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(Nancy's manner is always most doubtful when her decision is most firmly made), "I'm afraid it would be very improper."

If only a fear, not a conviction, barred the way, Ormsby was ready to fight for his heart's desire.

"But I know a very, very quiet little place near here. You'd never meet any of your friends there. It's ghastly respectable, and nobody there would notice anything one wore."

The last two statements did not tally.

"HE LOOKED AT HER APPREHENSIVELY."

"Oh, no; it—" he began hotly, but Nancy interrupted him.

"It isn't at all the thing to dine without a chaperon at a restaurant. Some one I know would surely be there, and these things"—she glanced down at the pink gown and the gorgeous cloak—"are rather conspicuous."

While there was hesitancy there was hope. Ormsby plunged into the breach.

The soul of respectability is criticism; but the vision apparently didn't notice the flaw in the argument.

"If you are quite sure—" she began.

"Positive," swore Ormsby, and his guardian angel spread his wings and fled, weeping.

As the young couple were leaving the apartment, the telephone bell rang furiously.

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Ormsby went back to the drawing-room, closing the door into the hall carefully behind him. Intuition is a wonderful and valuable thing. When he took up the receiver, a grin spread across his countenance, and bade fair to meet at the back of his head.

"Oh! That you, Dick?" he said in honeyed tones, carefully lowered. "What? Oh, yes, she came down here. Didn't get your telegram. Yes; it was awkward, wasn't it? I understand how you feel. Yes; I was at home. Lucky, wasn't it? Merest accident. You thought there might have been some mistake about the telegram? Chance she might have come here? So clever of you, dear boy. If I had your brain, Rollins, I wouldn't write poetry with it.

"Offended? Oh, not seriously. She's still here. No, not waiting for you. Don't kill a horse, dear boy. She and I are just going out to dinner. Fie, fie, Richard! Such langwidge! So long, old man."

He rang off.

"A business matter," he explained to the vision when he joined her.

They started once more. Again the telephone rang viciously.

"That," said Ormsby, with an air of conviction, "is the governor."

"Aren't you going back?" asked Nancy.

"No; Watkins can attend to it," said Ormsby calmly.

He breathed an inward prayer that the old gentleman might not convict him of murder by expiring in a fit of apoplectic rage, and hurried the vision down to the Sixty-third Street cab. Later he paid the piper.

The governor left no check.

Rollins does not speak.

But Ormsby swears that the dance was well worth the price.

EUGENE FIELD AS A WESTERN JOURNALIST.

By Arthur Chapman.

EUGENE FIELD'S literary career was largely shaped by his three years of newspaper work in Denver—years in which he first unfolded his astonishing versatility and attracted the attention of the world. Yet to-day little is known of his Denver work, and many of his brightest pen fragments are left to the dusty oblivion of a newspaper file room. Beyond a few reprints of his old "Tribune Primer," or the republication of some stray songs of early days, Field lovers have been given nothing of the poet's strictly Western work, in spite of the fact that the editorial page of the old Denver *Tribune* shows him in all his moods.

As managing editor of the *Tribune*, which paper long ago lost its identity in consolidation with a more sturdy business rival, Field crowded his Denver years with picturesque incident. Traditions about the poet continue to grow in number and importance, until sometimes it seems as if every graybeard in Denver must have been an intimate friend and confidant of the laughing soul.

The Denver of twenty years ago was ripe for Field's plucking. It was just emerging from its chrysalis-like state as a frontier town. The "bad men," gambling hells, public executions, and other forms of excitement were either abolished or rendered inoffensively mild, and men were restlessly casting about for some other kind of amusement—something which would not fill cemeteries, but which would keep a man from going to sleep, nevertheless. Consequently, when the eccentricities of Field's genius began to make themselves apparent, the new editor at once became the centre of a rollicking sort of fun that never ceased. Whether playing practical jokes, fiendishly ingenious in conception and execution, or aiming shafts of ridicule or good-natured fun through the columns of the *Tribune*, the tall journalist never lacked for an audience. Possibly his practical joking would not have been tolerated east of the Missouri River—certainly it would meet with a chill greeting in the coldly critical Denver of to-day; but the miners and cow-punchers of the early eighties in Colorado were not inclined to be captious, and they roared with laughter at the most outrageous pranks and demanded more of the same sort. Thus, when Field

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collected all the shoes of a party of sleeping friends at Manitou and threw them out of the hotel window down a fifty-foot cliff, afterward ringing a gong and shouting *fire!* all Colorado shook its sides with laughter. Likewise there was a chuckle that spread over the state and into the territory of Bill Nye's Laramie *Boomerang*, when Field inserted the following paragraph in the *Tribune:*

Hon. Wolfe Londoner is the friend of the colored people—there's no doubt about that. As evidence of it, he will to-day, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m., distribute watermelons to colored folks at his well-known place of business, corner of Blake and Fifteenth Streets. All the darkies should be there.

Mr. Londoner thought it cheaper to give away a fine carload of melons than explain that it was only one of Field's jokes. It afterward transpired, however, that the melons were as bread cast upon the waters, for when he was elected Mayor of Denver, Mr. Londoner was practically the only candidate who figured in the returns from the colored districts.

One of Field's favorite forms of humor was the elaborate recital, concerning prominent persons, of things that never happened to them. A down-state editor, who was much taken with this style of jest, thinking he would turn the tables on Field and secure a laugh at the expense of the humorist, once printed an article, under a Denver date line, to the effect that Eugene Field had fallen down a flight of stairs and was so severely injured that his recovery was doubtful. When the hoax was discovered, however, there were no laughs for the would-be humorist. On the contrary, nearly every editor in the State devoted space to scoring him, and some even went so far as to say that he should be run out of the country for daring to tell such a lie about so popular a man as 'Gene Field.

Emma Abbott was one of the poet's operatic divinities, and Field once used her name to further a joke which is still talked of in newspaper circles. The members of the Denver Press Club received daintily written missives, to the effect that Miss Abbott would tender a reception and banquet to the distinguished journalists of the Queen City of Mountain and Plain. Of course there was a flutter, and many Press Club members went to heart-breaking lengths to buy, beg, or rent dress-suits for the occasion, as it was given out from some mysterious source that the swell nature of the function made the "spike-tails" imperative. On the appointed evening the members of the Press Club, almost to a man, were assembled in conscious dignity in the Windsor Hotel reception-room. But no hostess appeared. They had been waiting some time, when one of the company discovered that his invitation was written in that beautiful "copper-plate" hand affected by the poet, and immediately suspicion pointed at Field. As usual, however, Field came effectively to his own rescue at the last minute and piloted the journalists to the dining-room, where the evening was spent in feasting and merriment—at the Press Club expense.

As a paragrapher, Field was one of the best that the country has ever known. Under a single-line head, "Odd Gossip," appeared what he termed his "grist," broken into paragraphs of varying length, never less than half a column, for Field's productiveness is still the marvel of newspaper men who know that it takes a deal more thought and application to write a few pithy paragraphs than to grind out a formidable array of heavy "leaders." Sometimes these paragraphs touched upon politics and sometimes on local affairs. Again they would be on literary matters or theatrical gossip, or perhaps they would picture some vagrant jest that had popped into the humorist's head. Their range can be gathered from the following:

Herbert Spencer is to return to England in a few days without having visited Denver. He is not very much of a man anyway, his only claim to distinction resting upon an outlandish poem called "The Fairy Queen," and a system of penmanship.

A man by the name of Humperdink is said to be the coming musician. A man with such a name ought to make some sort of a success in life, and music would seem to be his specialty. We never hear of a Smith or Jones or Johnson in the realms of musical art. No man can pound the piano keys with any degree of success who hasn't a batch of cross-grained consonants in his hind name.

Fish Commissioner Sisty expects to take President Arthur on a fishing trip when that gentleman visits Colorado. Bear Creek has been especially stocked with turbots, porgies, and bluefish in anticipation of the event, and next week two barrels of smoked herring, and a great gross of pickled salmon will be let loose in the turbulent waters that skirt Brookvale.

Col. Wolfe Londoner merits a public rebuke at the hands of the State Board of Agriculture. In violation

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EUGENE FIELD.

In the early Denver days.

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of all agreements and patriotic considerations, he was not present at Manitou yesterday to make his great Fourth of July oration. On the contrary, he was wallowing in the surf of a Yankee watering place. It is said that when it learned that the colonel would not whoop for freedom, the American eagle dropped its tail between its hind legs, sweat blood, and tried to let on like it was a hen.

The love of children, which afterward found expression in "Little Boy Blue" and kindred poems, was shown in Field's earliest writing, as the following paragraph from the *Tribune* indicates :

Yesterday morning there was a strange and unusual commotion in heaven. A little angel, with big black eyes, and the softest of white wings, asked St. Peter to let him out of the pearly gates. The good saint hesitated—he was loath to lose so sweet a treasure—but when the little angel told him he would come back sometime the gate was opened a trifle and the treasure crept out. Of course he came right down to earth and, peering anxiously around, he found no pleasanter, easier home than that of Mrs. Skiff. It was very, very early in the morning, and so he slipped quietly in through the door and, snuggling up close to the lady, said : "I am a little angel and you must be very good to me. I will stay with you always, and when you are old and weak you will be glad that the little angel came to you." Mrs. Skiff bade the stranger angel welcome and just then good Dr. French, happening to pass the house, heard sweet music that he knew could only come from heaven. So he went in and saw the little angel on the couch. In a moment his keen lancet was out, and he had clipped off the wings of the little angel and they had flown back to heaven alone. "This is too precious a treasure to lose," said the good doctor. "We must keep him with us always," and so the little angel stays, a joy to the home he has found on earth and a pride to those whom he will, God willing, call father and mother. Let us hope that the angels in heaven may not so miss their absent cherub that they will say "Come back"; but when the summons comes, let it come from the lips of the father and mother on the confines of the Beautiful, away over there in the Beyond.

Field was ever ready to turn to verse writing. With his lank frame curled in his dilapidated office chair, and mayhap with one knee or foot reposing on top of his knife-scarred desk, he would write airy trifles as "fillers" at the bottom of the column which was his pride. His Western poems, which smacked of the soil, began to make their appearance soon after his arrival in Denver. An old copy of the *Tribune* contains the following characteristic bit :

THE REVIVAL.

And when, one night, the parson come
  His piety friends to greet,
He found a crowd of the bummer gang
  All sot on the hopeful seat.

He seemed fer t' take their meanin' in
  But never a mite he stirred,
An' the prayer he raised to th' Lord that night
  Was the powerf'lest ever heard.

He prayed fer all mankind that's vile,
  A-livin' on earth below,
An' he axed a special prayer for them
  As sot in that thar front row.
The gang they stood it as best they could
  Till it got so dreffle hot,
An' then the eggs began fer t' fly
  From where them bummers sot.

The parson allowed a quick amen
  An' stepped up squar to th' crowd—
"Show me th' feller as flung them eggs,"
  He inquiry made aloud.
"Waal, what do ye purpose fer t' do?"
  One on 'em axed in reply,
But afore he knowed it he calmly drapt
  With a balcony onto his eye.

Them fellers fell and chawed the floor,
  But th' parson never stopped
Till he'd cleaned the crowd completely out
  An' th' last durned cuss had dropped;
Then he looked around on th' wimmin folks
  In a calm an' peaceful way,
And sez : "Now sence this episode
  Has concluded, let us pray!"

From that thar moment th' grace of th' Lord
  Pervaded our little town,
An' them folks got it th' worst who'd swore
  They'd get that thar preacher down.
That's why I've said, an' still maintain
  Revivals is doubtless right—
But whar would a' been th' grace o' God
  Ef that preacher'd been licked that night?

In writing little stories of Denver life Field always took pleasure. Some of these stories were fictitious, but real persons always figured in them, and there was constant wonder as to who was the next person to appear in the sketchy, man-about-town sort of jottings. The following fragment, entitled "Judge Dixon's Casino Game," is an example of this feature of Field's journalistic work :

Judge Dixon has no further use for that particular game at cards which is termed casino. The judge is of a studious, contemplative disposition, but there are moments when he unbends and indulges in the harmless little recreations of life. In just such a moment he was approached night before last by one of his partners—none other than the rising young barrister, Mr. Chamberlain, who is a Jove in the forum as well as an Adonis in the parlor. The judge, we say, was approached by Mr. Chamberlain with a proposition to play at a game of casino. Now the judge remembered that, long before Mr. Chamberlain had escaped from his swaddling clothes, the national game of the Wisconsin Supreme bench was none other game than casino, and he bethought him it would do his soul good to give young Mr. Chamberlain a whirl at casino. So he girded up his loins, and the two went at it.

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In spite of the tender associations which cling to the grand old game of casino, as played by the Supreme bench of Wisconsin twenty years ago, it is our duty to record the painful fact that young Mr. Chamberlain did most utterly and outrageously get away with the judge's baggage. Indeed, if the whole truth must be told, the judge did not score a single game of the twenty-five played during the evening. Naturally enough this worried the judge, and he could hardly sleep after going to bed for thinking of how times had changed since he was accounted the best casino player in all the territory from Oshkosh to Kenosha. And when he did get to sleep he had disturbing dreams about the ten-spot of diamonds, the deuce of spades, and the aces, and other cards which go to make up the winning total of the game of casino.

It was with a feeling of languor that the judge arose in the morning and proceeded about his daily duties. But his duties seemed to have lost all their charms. The fire seemed to have gone out of his life—and all for thinking of the marvelous luck young Mr. Chamberlain had had at casino. The judge listlessly fumbled over his Chitty, his Blackstone, his Kent, vainly attempted to prepare a brief, and hopelessly essayed to answer a number of letters, but his every effort failed—his mind persistently reverted alternately to Chamberlain and casino. What especially worried the judge was the placid demeanor which young Mr. Chamberlain maintained throughout the day, pursuing his affairs with uncommon assiduity, and never once alluding to the Waterloo of the previous evening. And so when, after supper, Mr. Chamberlain casually suggested casino, Judge Dixon snapped him up with the remark that he would play him for a bottle of wine—a quart of the best champagne in the city of Denver. Strangely enough, young Mr. Chamberlain was nothing loath, and the two sat down together and went at it with the intrepidity and perseverance of a mule advancing toward a peck of oats. The judge lost and lost, and lost and lost, till he finally declared that casino was simply a game of luck and required no skill whatever in the playing.

"If I had your luck in drawing hands, I could win easily enough," said he.

So young Mr. Chamberlain expressed a willingness to exchange hands with the judge every time and did so. And he encompassed him roundabout, and did afflict him. And he prevailed against him, even until the judge rent his raiment and fell on his face, and wept sore, crying, "Woe is unto me and unto Jerusalem, for there is arising up against me an enemy who doth entreat me and despitefully use me!" And he said, "As to this game, I will no more of it, for it is a delusion and a snare; it biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder."

And he arose and the two went out together. And when they had come unto a wine press, there sat they down together and they made merry unto the twelfth hour. But it behooveth no man to say aught to the judge, whose surname is Dixon, of the game which is called casino, from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same.

It is not generally known that Field was the originator of the modernized fable which Mr. George Ade has popularized of late. In 1882, however, Field began the publication of a series of fables. The odd sprinkling of capitals seemed to catch popular fancy. The following examples show their brevity and their trend:

A Foolish Showman once Advertised for all the following Curiosities: A Printer who carried Tobacco, a Negro Minstrel who did not Wear a Plug Hat, a Woman who did not Wash her Face with a Rag, an Editor who had Ten Dollars in his Pocket, a Dog whose Hind Legs were in Plumb with his Front Legs, a Business Manager who did not Consider the Editors Robbers, and a Pair of Shoes that were too Small for the Lady who wore Them. The Foolish Showman died a Death of Bitter Disappointment.

A Man, having been Seized by the Smallpox, hung out a Red Flag in front of his House, whereupon the Neighbors kept away from Him and permitted Him to Die in the Firm Conviction that Honesty was the Best Policy.

A Chicago Lady once applied to a Learned Judge for a Divorce. "What is the Name of your Husband?" inquired the Learned Judge. "I have no Husband yet, but inasmuch as I contemplate Matrimony, I feel that I should be prepared for the Worst."

A Child who had a Mild type of Measles, invited a number of her Acquaintances to a Party, and, producing a bowl of Sweetmeats from the Pantry, said: "Behold now an Act of Generosity. I will take the Sweetmeats, and you, unless you immediately take your Departure, will take the Measles." This fable illustrates the ingenuousness of Childhood.

Once upon a Time a Printer was heard to concede that the Business Manager in the Office in which he Toiled was a High-Minded and Liberal Gentleman. Whereupon there was much Agitation among the Angels in Heaven, it being Surmised that one of their Number had got away and was Holding Cases.

An Editor, returning Home one Morning about Eight o'clock, was met in the Hall by his Vigilant Spouse. "Alas!" she said, "that you have been detained by another Breakage of the Press." "Nay, not so," he Replied. "Neither has the Press Broken down, nor have I been detained by Getting Out the Weekly, but it was a small Game of Ten-cent Ante which hindered Me." Hearing the which, the Soul of George Washington turned Over and muttered a Silent Benediction.

An Editor once owned Three Hundred Thousand dollars' worth of Railroad stock, Twenty-one Thousand dollars' worth of Government Bonds, six White Shirts, a Country Residence on the Hudson, a Farm in Illinois, a span of Horses and a Wagon, two Suits of Clothes, and a Plug Hat. This Fable teaches that all Liars are not Dead yet.

From this style of fable, Field drifted into the *Tribune* Primer, which set the country laughing. The Primer was illustrated by what is known as the chalk process, Denver newspapers not at that time being equipped with art departments and etching plants. The Primer fables were ultimately collected and printed in book form, first editions now being very rare but numerous reprints being on the market.

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As an entertainer Field was in constant demand, and he was always ready to respond to a request for a "recitation." Many persons expressed surprise at the ease and readiness with which he took to the platform when he began to give entertainments in the East, but the poet had not been without experience. He had faced audiences many times in Denver—and enthusiastic audiences they always proved to be. When the Colorado Press Association met in Denver in 1882, Field read the following poem descriptive of the Ute Chipeta's dash to save the captured survivors of the White River massacre:

CHIPETA.

She is bravest and best of a cursed race—
  Give her a lodge on the mountain side,
  And, when she is gone, on the hill provide
The Queen of the Utes' last resting-place.

She rode where old Ouray dared not ride—
  A path through the wilderness, rough and wild;
  She rode to plead for woman and child—
She rode by the yawning chasm's side.

She rode on the rocky, fir-clad hill,
  Where the panther mewed and the crested jay
  Piped echoless through the desert day—
She rode in the valleys dark and chill.

Oh! such a ride as a woman can—
  By the God-like power that in her lies,
  Or an inspiration from the skies—
Achieve for woman and son of man.

They live; and through the country wide,
  Where'er they come, where'er they go,
  Though their hairs grow white as the driven snow,
They will tell of brave Chipeta's ride.

She is bravest and best of a cursed race—
  Give her a lodge on a mountain side,
  And, when she is gone, on the hill provide
The Queen of the Utes' last resting-place.

But give her a page in history, too,
  Though she be rotting in humble shrouds,
  And write on the whitest of God's white clouds
Chipeta's name in eternal blue!

In local politics Field was a power, though he never sought office. Politicians knew the weight of his ridicule, and, no matter how much they affected to despise the newspapers, they used every means to keep in the good graces of the trenchant political writer of the *Tribune*. On one occasion, a local politician who formed a shining mark for Field's witticisms brought suit for criminal libel, and boasted that he would soon have Field and his business associates, Messrs. Rothacker and Skiff, working in the shoe department of the Colorado State penitentiary. Instead of being frightened into silence, Field seized upon the shoe-department idea as a huge joke and elaborated on the delights of pegging soles. Every day he told how the *Tribune* editors expected to enjoy themselves shoemaking, until the suit assumed such a farcical aspect that the aggrieved politician withdrew a rather promising case in disgust. Men who could stand the straight-out and picturesque abuse of ordinary Western journalism simply wilted under Field's sarcastic paragraphs.

To Denver Field came unknown, but when he left that city to enter Chicago journalism it was with an established reputation. He was looked upon as the most promising journalist of the day, and though he more than fulfilled that promise in his "Sharps and Flats" column in the Chicago *News* and *Record*, yet it was in Denver that he found himself in an atmosphere most congenial to his love of careless and boisterous fun. Most of us find, with Yorick in "Tristram Shandy," that for every ten jests we have made a hundred enemies; but Field seemed to prove the exception to this rule. The victims of his practical jokes were always willing to join the laugh at their expense, and even those who felt the sharpest cuts of his pen seemed willing to bear no enmity and to swear that Field was the best of fellows. The poet was sensitive to praise or to criticism, and the rough-and-ready sort of appreciation which he received in Denver encouraged him to work with tremendous energy. For all his recklessness and for all his readiness to frolic at the most unseemly hours, he had that underlying quality, application, without which Balzac says even genius is helpless. Consequently it is not strange that, like several other Western humorists, he grew out of all proportion to his surroundings. Denver, that had coddled and nursed and cheered him on with constant prophecies as to his glowing future, gave him a characteristic farewell. It arranged a "whooping benefit" at the old People's Theatre, and the proceeds amounted to more than come to most poets in a lifetime. Denver then promised to keep his memory green, and, from the glad light that is called into the old-timer's eyes at the mention of Field's name, it is evident the city is still true to her word.

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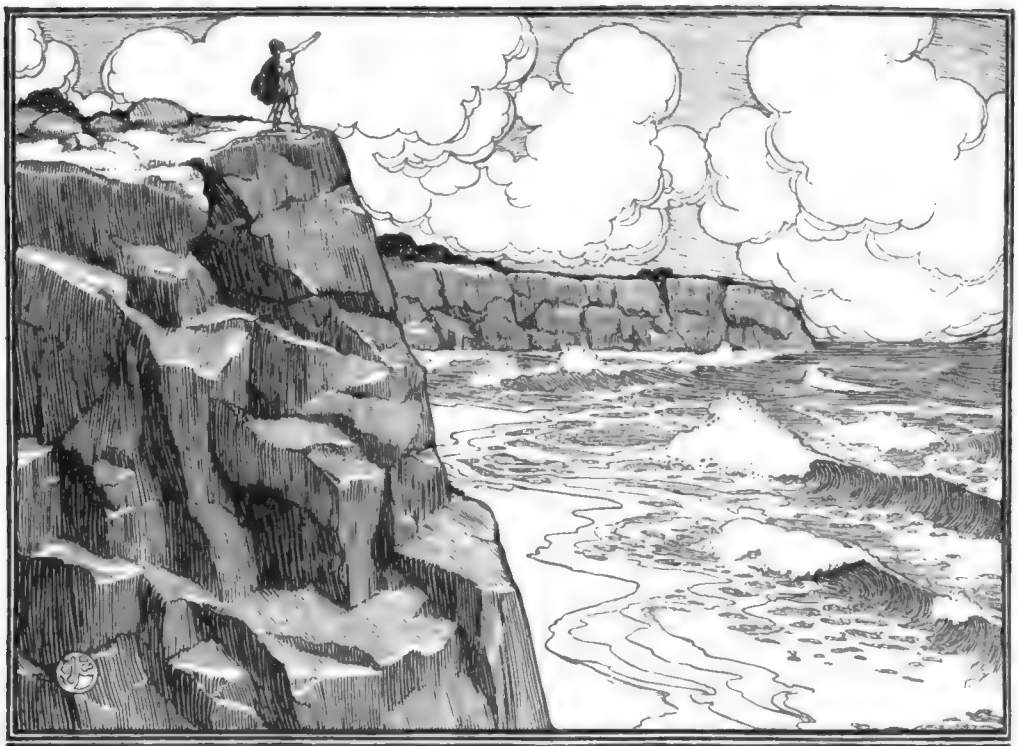

GRETTIR AT DRANGEY

By FRANK NORRIS

AUTHOR OF "THE OCTOPUS" "Mc TEAGUE" ETC.

I- How Grettir Came to the Island.

A LONG slant of rain came from out the northwest, and much fog; and the sea, still swollen by the last of the winter gales —now two days gone—raced by the bows of their boat in great swells, quiet, huge.

It was cold, and the wind, like a hound at fault, hunted along through the gorges between the wave heads, casting back and forth swiftly in bulging, sounding blasts that made an echo between the walls of water. At times the wind discovered the boat and leaped upon it suddenly with a gush of fierce noise, clutching at the sail and bearing it down as the dog bears down the young elk.

The sky, a vast reach of broken gray, slid along close overhead, sometimes even dropping flat upon the sea, blotting the horizon and whirling about and about like geyser mist or the reek and smoke from the mouth of *jokuls*. Then, perhaps, out of the fog and out of the rain, suddenly great and fearful came towering and dipping a mighty berg, the waves breaking like surf about its base, spires of gray ice lifting skywards, all dripping and gashed and jagged; knobs and sharp ridges thrusting from under beneath the water, full of danger to ships. At such moments they must put the helm over quickly, sheering off from the colossus before it caught and trampled them.

But no living thing did they see through all the day. Sea birds there were none; no

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porpoises played about the boat, no seals barked from surge to surge. There was nothing but the silent gallop of the waves, the flitting of the leaden sky, the uneven panting of the wind, and the rattle of the rain on the half-frozen sail. The sea was very lonely, barren, empty of all life.

Towards the middle of the day, when Iceland lay far behind them—a bar of black on the ocean's edge—they were little by little aware of the roll and thunder of breakers, and the cries and calls of very many sea birds and—very faint—the bleating of sheep. The fog and the scud of rain and the spindrift that the wind whipped from off the wave-tops shut out all sight beyond the cast of a spear. But they knew that they must be driving hard upon the island, and Grettir, from his place at the helm, bent himself to look under the curve of the sail. He called to Illugi, his brother, and to Noise, the thrall, who stood peering at the bows of the boat (their eyes made small to pierce the mist), to know if they saw aught of the island.

"I see," answered Illugi, "only wrack and drift of wreck and streamers of kelp, but we are close upon it."

Then all at once Grettir threw the boat up into the wind, and shouted aloud:

"Look overhead! Quick! Above there! We are indeed close."

And for all that the foot and mid-most part of the island were unseen because of the mist, there, far above them, between sea and sky, looming, as it were, out of heaven, rose suddenly the front of the cliff, rearing the forehead of it, high from out all that din of surf and swirl of mist and rain, bare to the buffet of storms, iron-strong, everlasting, a mighty rock.

They lowered the sail and ran out the sweeps, and for an hour skirted the edge of the island searching for the landing-place, where the rope-ladder hung from the cliff's edge. When they had found it, they turned the nose of the boat landward, and, caught by the set of the surf, were drawn inwards, and at last flung up on the beaches. Waist-deep in the icy undertow, they ran the boat up and made her fast, rejoicing that they had won to land without ill-fortune.

The wind for an instant tore in twain the veils of fog, and they saw the black cliff towering above them, as well as the ladder that hung from its summit clattering against the rock as the wind dashed it to and fro, and as they turned from the boat to look about them, lo, at their feet, stranded at make of the ebb, a great walrus, crushed between two ice-floes, lay dead, the rime of the frost encrusting its barbels.

So Grettir Asmundson, called The Strong, outlawed throughout Iceland, came with his brother Illugi, and the thrall Noise, to live on the Island of Drangey.

II- How Grettir and Illugi his Brother Kept the Island.

ON top of the cliff (to be reached only by climbing the rope-ladder) were sheep-walks, where the shepherds from the mainland kept their flocks. Grettir and Illugi took over these, for food and for the sake of their pelts which were to make them coverings. They built themselves a house out of the driftwood that came ashore at the foot of the cliff with every tide, and throughout the rest of the winter days lived in peace.

But in the early spring a fisherman carried the news to the mainland that he had seen men on the top of Drangey, and that the ladder was up.

Forthwith came the farmers and shepherds in their boats to know if such were the truth. They found, indeed, the ladder

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up, and after calling and shouting a long time, brought the hero and his brother to the cliff's edge.

"What now?" they cried. "Give a reckoning of our sheep. Is it peace or war between you and us? Why have you come to our island? Answer, Grettir—outlaw."

"What I have, I hold," called Grettir. "Outlawed I am, indeed, and no man is there in all Iceland that dare help me to home or hiding. Mine is the Island of Drangey, and mine are the sheep and the goats."

"Robber!" shouted the shepherds, "since when have you bought the island? Show the title."

For answer Grettir drew his sword from its sheath, and held it high.

"That is my title," he cried. "When that you shall take that from me the Island of Drangey is yours again."

"At least render up our sheep," answered the shepherds.

"What I have said, I have said!" cried Grettir, and with that he and Illugi drew back from the cliff's edge and were no more seen.

The shepherds sailed back to the mainland, and could think of no way of ridding the island of Grettir and his brother.

The summer waned, and finding themselves no further along than at the beginning, they struck hands with a certain Thorbjorn, called The Hook, and sold him their several claims.

So it came about that Thorbjorn the Hook was also an enemy of Grettir, for he swore that foul or fair, ill or well, he would have the head of the hero, and the price that was upon it, as well as the sheepwalks and herds of Drangey.

This Thorbjorn had an old foster-mother named Thurid, who, although the law of Christ had long since prevailed through all the country, still made witchcraft, and by this means promised The Hook that he should have the island, and with it the heads of Illugi and Grettir. She herself was a mumbling, fumbling carline of a sour spirit and fierce temper. Once when The Hook and his brother were at tail-game, she, looking over his shoulder, taunted him because he had made a bad move. On his answering in surly fashion, she caught up one of the pieces, and drave the tail of it so fiercely against his eye that the ball had started from the socket. He had sprung up with a mighty oath, and dealt her so strong a blow that she had taken to her bed a month, and thereafterward must walk with a stick. There was no love lost between the two.

Meanwhile, Grettir and Illugi lived in peace upon the top of Drangey. Illugi was younger than the hero; a fine lad with yellow hair and blue eyes. The brothers loved each other, and could not walk or sit together, but that the arm of one was about the shoulder of the other. The lad knew very well that neither he nor Grettir would ever leave Drangey alive; but in spite of that he abode on the island, and was happy in the love and comradeship of his older brother. As for Grettir, hunted and hustled from Norway to Skaptar Jokul, he could trust Illugi only. The thrall Noise was meet for little but to gather driftwood to feed the fire. But Illugi, of all men in the world, Grettir had chosen to stay at his side in this, the last stand of his life, and to bear him company in the night when he waked and was afraid.

For the weird that the Vampire had laid upon Grettir, when he had fought with him through the night at Thorhall-stead, lay heavy upon him. As the Vampire had said, his strength was never greater than at the moment when, spent and weary with the grapple, he had turned the monster under him; and, moreover, as the dead man had foretold, the eyes of him—the sightless, lightless dead eyes of him—grew out of the darkness in the late watches of the night, and stared at Grettir whichever way he turned.

For a long time all went well with the two. Bleak though it was, the brothers grew to love the Island of Drangey. Not all the days were so bitter as the one that witnessed their arrival. Throughout the summer—when the daylight lengthened and lengthened, till at last the sun never set at all—the weather held fair. The crust of soil on the top of the great rock grew green and brilliant with gorse and moss and manzel-wursel. Blackberries flourished on southern exposures and in crevices between the bowlders, and wild thyme and heather bloomed and billowed in the sea wind.

Day after day the brothers walked the edge of the cliff, making the rounds of the snares they had set for sea fowl. Day after day, descending to the beaches, they fished in the offing or with ready spears crept from rock to rock, stalking the great bull-wal-

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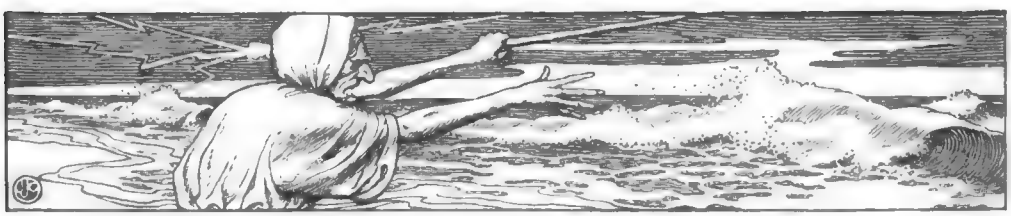
ruses that made the land to sun themselves. Day after day in a cloudless sky the sun shone; day after day the sea, deep blue, coruscated and flashed in his light; day after day the wind blew free, the flowers spread, and the surf shouted hoarsely on the beaches, and the sea fowl clamored, cried, and rose and fell in glinting hordes. The air was full of the fine, clean aroma of the ocean, even the perfume of the flowers was crossed with a tang of salt, and the seaweed at low tide threw off, under the heat of the sun, a warm, sweet redolence of its own.

It was a brave life. They were no man's men. The lonely, rock-ribbed island, the grass, the growths of green, the blue sea, and the blessed sunlight were their friends, their helpers; they held what of the world they saw in fief. They made songs to the morning, and sang them on the cliff's edge, looking off over the sea beneath, standing on a point of rock, the wind in their faces, the taste of salt in their mouths, their long braids of yellow hair streaming from their foreheads.

They made songs to their swords, and swung the ponderous blades in cadence as they sang—wild, unrhymed, metrical chants, monotonous, turning upon but few notes; savage songs, full of man-slayings and death-fights against great odds, shouted out in deep-toned, male voices, there, far above the world, on that airy, wind-swept, lonely rock. A brave life!

The end they knew must come betimes. They were in nowise afraid. They made a song to their death—the song they would sing when they had turned Berserk in the crash of swords, when the great gray blades were rising and falling, death, like lightning, leaping from their edges; when shield rasped shield, and the spears sank home and wrenched out the life in a spurt of scarlet, and the massive axes rang upon helmet and hauberk, and men, heroes all, met death with a cheer, and went out into the Dark with a shout. A brave life!



III- Of the Weird of Thurid, Foster-Mother to Thorbjorn Hook.

TWICE during that summer The Hook made attempts to secure the island. Once he sailed over to Drangey, and standing up in the prow of his boat near the beach, close by where the ladder hung, talked long with Grettir, who came to the rim of the cliff in answer to his shouts. He promised the Outlaw (so only that he would yield up the island) full possession of half the sheep that yet remained and a free passage in one of his ships to any port within fifty leagues. But the hero had but one answer to all persuadings.

"Drangey is mine," he said. "There is no rede whereby you can get me hence. Here do I bide, whatso may come to hand, to the day of my death and my undoing," and The Hook must sail home in evil mind, gnawing his nails in his fury, and vowing that he would yet gain the island and lay Grettir to earth, and get the best out of the bad bargain he had made.

Another time The Hook hired a man named Hœring, a great climber, to try, by night, to scale the hinder side of Drangey where the cliff was not so bold. But halfway up the man lost either his wits or his footing, for he fell dreadfully upon the rocks far below, and brake the neck of him, so that the spine drave through the skin.

And after that, certainly, Grettir and Illugi were let alone. The fame of them and of their seizure of Drangey and the blood feud between them and Thorbjorn, called The Hook, went wide through all that

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part of Iceland, and many the man that put off from the mainland and sailed to the island, just to hail the Outlaw, at the head of the ladder, and wish him well. Thus the summer and the next winter passed.

At about the break-up of the winter night, The Hook began to importune his foster-mother, Thurid, that she should make good her promise as to the winning of Grettir. At last she said: "If you are to have my rede, I must have my will. Strike hands with my hand then, and swear to me to do those things that I shall say." And The Hook struck hands and sware the oath.

Then, though he was loath to visit the island again, she bade him man an eight-oared boat and flit her out to Drangey.

When they had reached the island, and after much shouting had brought Grettir and Illugi to the edge of the rock, Thorbjorn again renewed his offer, saying further that if there were now but few sheep left upon the island, he would add a bag of silver pennies to make the difference good.

"Bootless be your quest," answered Grettir. "Wot this well. What I have said, I have said. My bones shall rot upon Drangey ere I set foot on other soil."

But at his words the carline, who till now had sat huddled in rags and warps in the bow of the boat, stirred herself and screamed out:

"An ill word for a fair offer. The wits are out of these men that they may not know the face of their good fortune, and upon an evil time have they put their weal from them. Now this I cast over thee, Grettir; that thou be left of all health and good-hap, all good heed and wisdom, and that the longer ye live the less shall be thy luck. Good hope have I, Grettir, that thy days of gladness shall be fewer in time to come than in time gone by."

And at the words behold, Grettir the Strong, whose might no two men could master, staggered as though struck, and then a rage came upon him, and plucking up a stone from the earth, he flung it at the heap of rags in the boat, so that it fell upon the hag's leg and brake it.

"An evil deed, brother," said Illugi. "Surely no good will come of that."

"Nor none from the words of that hell-cat yonder," answered Grettir. "Not overmuch were-gild were paid for us, though the price should be one carline's life."

The Hook sailed back to the mainland after this, and sat at home while the leg of his foster-mother mended. But when she was able to walk again, she bade him lead her forth upon the shore. For a time she hobbled up and down till she had found a piece of driftwood to her liking. She turned it over, now upon this side, now upon that, mumbling to herself the while, till The Hook, puzzled, said:

"What work ye there, foster-mother?"

"The bane of Grettir," answered the witch, and with that she crouched herself down by the log and cut runes upon it. Then she stood upright and walked backwards about the log, and went widdershins around it, and then, after carving more runes, bade Thorbjorn cast it into the sea.

The Hook scoffed and jeered, but, mindful of his oath, set the log adrift. Now the flood tide made strongly at the time, and the wind set from off the ocean.

"It will come to shore," he said.

"Ay, that I hope," said the witch; "to the shore of Drangey."

On the beaches, where the torn scum and froth of the waves shuddered and tumbled to and fro in the wind, The Hook and the old witch stood watching. Thrice the surf flung the log landward, thrice the undertow sucked it back. It was carried under the curve of a great hissing comber, disappeared, then rose dripping on the far side. The hag, bent upon her crutch, her toothless jaws fumbling and working, her gray hair streaming in the wind, fixed a glittering eye, malevolent, iniquitous, far out to sea where Drangey showed itself, a block of misty blue over the horizon's edge.

"A strong spell for a strong man," she muttered, "and an ill curse for an evil deed. Blighted be the breasts that sucked you, and black and bitter the bread ye eat. Look thou now, foster-son," she cried, raising her voice.

The Hook crossed himself, and his head crouched fearfully between his shoulders. Under his bent brows the glance of him shot uneasily from side to side.

"A bad business," he whispered, and he trembled as he spoke. For the log was riding the waves like a skiff, headed seawards, making way against tide and wind, veering now east, now west, but in the main working steadily toward Drangey. "A bad business, and peril of thy life is toward if the deed thou hast done this day be told of at Thingvalla."

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IV- The Night-flitting of Thorbjorn Hook.

BY candle-lighting time that day the storm had reached such a pitch, and so mighty was the fury and noise raging across the top of Drangey, that Grettir and Illugi must needs put their lips to one another's ears when they spoke. There was no rain as yet, and the wind that held straight, as an arrow's flight over the ocean, had blown away all mists and clouds, so that the atmosphere was of an ominous clearness, and the coasts of Iceland showed livid white against the purple black of the sky.

There were strange sounds about: the prolonged alarums of the gale;—blast trumpeting to blast all through the hollow upper spaces of the air;—the metallic slithering of the frozen grasses, writhing and tormented; the minute whistle of driving sand; the majestic diapason of the breakers, and the wild piping of bewildered sea-mews and black swans, as, helpless in the sudden gusts, they drove past, close overhead with slanted wings stretched tense and taut.

Towards evening Grettir and Illugi regained the hut, their bodies bent and inclined against the wind. They bore between them the carcass of a slaughtered sheep, the last on the island, for by now they had killed and eaten all of the herd, with the exception of one old ram, whom they had spared because of his tameness. This one followed the brothers about like a dog, and each night came to the door of the hut and butted against it till he was allowed to come in.

Earlier in the day Grettir, foreseeing that the weather would be hard, had sent Noise, the servant, to gather in a greater supply of drift. The thrall now met the brothers at the door of the hut, staggering under the weight of a great log. He threw his burden down at Grettir's feet and spoke surlily, for he was but little pleased with his lot:

"There be that which I hold will warm you enough. Hew it now yourself, for I am spent with the toil of getting it in on such a night as this."

But as Grettir heaved up the axe, Illugi sprang forward with a hand outstretched and a warning cry. He had glanced at the balk of drift, and had seen it to be one that Grettir had twice discarded, suspicious of the runes that he saw were cut into it. Even Noise had been warned and forbidden to bring it to the hut. Doubtless on this day the thrall had found it close by the foot of the ladder, and being too slothful and too ill-tempered to seek farther, had fetched it in despite of Grettir's commands.

"Brother," cried Illugi, "have a heed what ye do!"

But he spoke too late. Grettir hewed strong upon the balk, and the axe flipped from it and drave into his leg below the knee, so that the blade hung in the bone. Grettir flung down the axe, and staggered into the hut and sank upon the bed.

"Ill-luck is to us-ward," he cried, "and now wot I well that my death is upon me. For no good thing was this drift-timber sent thrice to us. Noise, evilly hast thou done, and ill hast thou served us. Go now and draw the ladder, and let thy faithful service henceforth make good the ill-turn thou hast done me to-day." And with the words the brothers drove him out into the night.

Grumbling, the thrall made his way to the ladder-head, and sat down cursing.

"A fine life," he muttered, "hounded like a house-carle from dawn to dark. Because the son of Asmund swings awkwardly his axe and notches the skin of him, I must be driven from house and hearthstone on so hard a night as this. Draw the ladder! Ay, draw the ladder, says he. By God! it were no man's deed to risk whether he could win to the island in such a storm as this."

For all that, he made at least one attempt

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to draw the ladder up. But it was heavy, and the wind, thrashing it to and fro, made it hard to manage. Noise soon gave over, and, out of spite refusing to return to the hut, drew his cloak over his head, and crawling in behind a bowlder addressed himself to sleep. He was awakened by a blow.

He sprang up. The night was overcast; it had been raining; his cloak was drenched. Men were there; dark figures crowding together, whispering. There was a click and clash of steel, and against the pale blur of the sky he saw, silhouetted, the moving head of a spear. Again some one struck him. He wrenched about terrified, and a score of hands gripped him close, while at his throat sprang the clutch of fingers iron-strong. Then a voice:

"Fool, and son of a fool, and worse than a fool! It is I, Thorbjorn, called The Hook. Speak as he should speak who is nigh to death, true words and few words. What of Grettir?"

"Sore bestead," Noise made shift to answer, through the grip upon his throat. "Crippled with his own axe as he hewed upon a log of firewood but this very day. Down upon his back he is, and none to stand at his side, when the need is on him, but the boy Illugi."

"A log, say you?" whispered The Hook. Then turning to a comrade: "Mark you that, Hialfi Thinbeard."

"A log cut with runes," insisted Noise.

"Ay, with runes," repeated The Hook. "With runes, I say, Hialfi Thinbeard. My mind misgave me when the carline urged this flitting to-night, and only for my oath's sake I would have foregone it. But an old she-goat knows the shortest path to the byre. As for you"—he turned to Noise: "Grettir is mine enemy, and the feud of blood lies between us, but he deserves a better thrall than so foul a bird as thou."

Thereat he gave the word, and his carles set upon Noise and beat him till no breath was left in his body. Then they bound him hand and foot, and dragged him behind a rock, and left him.

Noise watched them as they drew to one side and whispered together. There were at least twenty of them. For a long moment they conferred together in low voices, while the wind shrilled fiercely in the cluster of their spear-blades. Then there was a movement. The group broke up. Silently and with cautious steps the dark figures of the men moved off in the direction of the hut. Twice, as The Hook gave the word, they halted to listen. Then they moved on again. They disappeared. A pebble clicked under foot, a sword struck faintly against a rock.

There was no more sound. The rain urged by the wind held steadily across the top of the Island of Drangey. It wanted about three hours till dawn.

V - Of the Man-Slaying on Drangey

IN the hut, his head upon his brother's lap, Grettir lay tossing with pain. From the thigh down the leg was useless, and from the thigh down it throbbed with anguish, yet the Outlaw gave no sign of his sufferings, and even to speed the slow passing of the night had sung aloud.

It was a song of the old days, when all men were friendly to him, when he was known as Grettir Asmundson and not Grettir the Outlaw; and as he sang, his mind went back through the years of all that wild, troubled life of his, and he remembered many things. Back again in the old home at Biarg, free and happy once more he saw himself as he should have been, head of his mother's household, his foot upon his

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own hearthstone, his head under his own rooftree. And there should be no more foes to fight, and no more hiding and night-riding; no noontime danger to be faced down; no enemies that struck in the dark to be baffled. And he would be free again; he would be among his fellows; he would touch the hand of friends, would know the companionship of brave and honest men and the love of good and honest women. Would it all be his again some day? Would the old, old times come back again? Would there ever be a home-coming for him? Fighter though he was, a hero and a warrior, and though battles and man-slayings more than he could count had been his portion, even though the shock of swords was music to him, there were other things that made life glad. The hand the sword-hilt had calloused could yet remember the touch of a maiden's fingers, and at times, such as this, strange thoughts grew with a strange murmuring in his brain. He was a young man yet; could he but make head against his enemies and his untoward fortune till the sentence of outlawry was overpassed, he might yet begin his life all new again. A wife should be his, and a son should be born to him—a little son to watch at play, to love, to cherish, to boast of, to be proud of, to laugh over, to weep over, to be held against that mighty breast of his, to be enfolded ever so gently in those mighty sword-scarred arms of his. Strange thoughts; strange, indeed, for a wounded outlaw, on that storm-swept, barren rock in the dark, dark hours before the dawn.

"I think," said Grettir after a while, "that now I may sleep a little."

Illugi made him comfortable upon the sheep-pelts, and put his rolled-up cloak under his head; then, when Grettir had closed his eyes, put a new log upon the fire and sat down nigh at hand.

Long time the lad sat thus watching his brother's face as sleep smoothed from it the lines of pain; as the lips under the long, blond mustaches relaxed a little, and the frown went from the forehead.

It was a kindly face, after all; none of the harshness in it, none of the fierceness in it that so bitter a life as his should have stamped it with—a kindly face, serious, grave even, the face of a big-hearted, generous fellow who bore no malice, who feared no evil, who uttered no complaint, and who looked fate fearless between the eyes.

Something shocked heavily at the door of the hut, and the Outlaw stirred uneasily, and his blue eyes opened a little.

"It is only the old ram, brother," said Illugi. "He butts hard to get in."

"Hard and over hard," muttered Grettir, and as he spoke the door split in twain, and the firelight flashed upon the face of Thorbjorn Hook.

Instantly Illugi was on his feet, his spear in hand. It had come at last, the end of everything. Fate at last was knocking at the door. Grettir was to fight the Last Fight there in that narrow hut, there on that night of storm, in the rain and under the scudding clouds.

Behind him, as he stood facing the riven door and the men that were crowding into the doorway, he heard Grettir struggling to his feet. The fire flared and smoked in the wind, and the rain, as it swept in from without, hissed as it fell among the hot embers. From far down on the beaches came the booming of the surf.

The onset hung poised. After that first splintering of the door The Hook and his men made no move. No man spoke. Illugi, his spear held ready, was a statue in the midst of the hut; Grettir, upon one knee, with his great sword in his fist, one hand holding by Illugi's belt, did not move. His eyes, steady, earnest, were upon those of The Hook, and the two men held each other's glances for a moment that seemed immeasurably long. Then at last:

"Who showed thee the way hither?" said Grettir quietly.

"Christ showed us the way," The Hook made answer.

"Nay, nay, it was the hag, thy foster-mother."

But the sound of voices broke the spell. In an instant the great fight—the fight that would be told of in Iceland for hundreds of years to come—burst suddenly forth like the bursting of a dyke. Illugi had leaped forward, and through the smoke of the weltering fire his spear-blade flashed, curving like the curving leap of a salmon in the rapids of the Jokulsa. There was a cry, a rush of many feet, a parting of the group in the doorway, and Hialfi Thinbeard's hands shut their death-grip upon the shaft of Illugi's spear as the blade of it tore out between his shoulders.

But now men were upon the roof—Karr, son of Karr, thrall of Tongue-stone, Vikaar

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and Haldarr of the household of Eirik of Good-dale, Hafr of Meadness in the Fleets and Thorwald of Hegraness—tearing away the thatch and thrusting madly downward with sword and spear. Illugi dropped the haft of the weapon that had slain Hialfi, and catching up another one, made as if to drive it through the thatch. But even as he did so the whole roof cracked and sagged; then it gave way at one corner, and Karr, son of Karr, fell headlong from above. Grettir caught him on his sword-point as he fell, and at the same moment The Hook drave a small boar-spear clean through Illugi's head.

And from that moment all semblance of consecutive action was lost. Yelling, shouting, groaning, cursing, the men rushed together in one blurred and furious grapple. The wrecked hut collapsed, crashing upon their heads; the fire, kicked and trampled as the fight raged back and forth, caught the thatch and sheep-pelts, and flamed up fiercely in and around the combat. They fought literally in fire—in fire and thick smoke and driving rain. The arms that thrust with spear or hewed with sword rose and fell all ablaze. Those who fell, fell among hot coals and fought their fellows—their own friends—to make way that they might escape the torment.

Twice Grettir, dying though he was, flung the fight from him and rose to his full height, a dreadful figure, alone for an instant, bloody, dripping, charred with ashes, half naked, his clothes all burning; and twice again they flung themselves upon him, and bore him down, so that he disappeared beneath their mass. And ever and again from out the swirl of the onset, from that unspeakable jam of men, mad with the battle-madness that was upon them, crawled out some horrid figure, staggering, gashed, and maimed, or even dying, done to death by the great Outlaw in the last fight of his life. Thorfin, Gamli's man, had both arms broken at the very shoulders; Krolf of Drontheim reeled back from the battle with a sword-thrust through his hip that made him go on crutches the rest of his life; Kolbein, churl of Svein, died two days later of a spear-thrust through the bowels; Ognund, Hakon's son, never was able to use his right arm after that night.

Hardly a man of all the twenty that did not for all the rest of his life bear upon his body the marks of Grettir's death-fight. Still Grettir bore up. He had with one arm caught Thorir, The Hook's stoutest housecarle, around the throat, while his other arm, that wielded his sword, hewed and hewed and smote and thrust as though it would never tire. Even above the din of the others rose the clamor of Thorir's agony. Once again Grettir cleared a space around him, and stood with dripping sword, his left arm still crushing Thorir in that awful embrace. Thorir was weaponless, his face purple. No thought of battle was left in him, and frantic, he stretched out a hand to his fellows, his voice a wail:

"Help me, Thorbjorn. He is killing me. For the love of heaven——"

And Grettir's blade nailed the words within his throat. The wretch slid to the ground doubled in a heap, the blood gushing from his mouth.

Then those that yet remained alive, drawn off a little, panting, spent, saw a terrible sight—the death of Grettir.

For a moment in that flicker of fire he seemed to grow larger. Alone, unassailable, erect among those heaps of dead and dying enemies, his stature seemed as it were suddenly to increase. He towered above them, his head in swirls of smoke, the great bare shoulders gleaming with his blood, the long braids of yellow hair soaked with it. Awful, gigantic, suddenly a demigod, he stood colossal, a man made more than human. The eyes of him fixed, wide open, looked out into the darkness above their heads, unwinking, unafraid—looked into the darkness and into the eyes of Death, unafraid, unshaken.

There he stood already dead, yet still upon his feet, rigid as iron, his back unbent, his neck proud; while they cowered before him holding their breaths waiting, watching. Then, like a mighty pine tree, stiff, unbending, he swayed slowly forward. Stiff as a sword-blade the great body leaned over farther and farther; slowly at first, then with increased momentum inclined swiftly earthward. He fell, and they could believe that the crash of that fall shook the earth beneath their feet. He died as he would have wished to die, in battle, his harness on, his sword in his grip. He lay face downward amid the dead ashes of the trampled fire and moved no more.

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TANGLED UP IN BEULAH LAND.

By An Author.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

According to Madame Petunia Dewey, a woman of the world and half-sister of Rufus, the latter is "only related to" his "Club and his Son." Suspecting this Son to have a growing tenderness for some theatrical unknown, Rufus seeks advice from his half-sister and from an old club friend, Major Downs, both of whom agree that it is wise to let young bloods have their swing; which advice horrifies Rufus' self-accusing conscience, and he, in his perplexity, begins to think seriously of Madame Dewey's casual hint that he himself should get married—incidentally to Madame Coldcream. Charlie also has an anxious interview with Madame Petunia concerning his father's failings in the matter of the unknown Madame Coldcream, in which it appears that father and son entertain similar views toward each other. It so happens that at this time Rufus receives a most opportune letter inviting him with his son to make an old friend, the Doctor, a visit to the country. With model unselfishness, each considering such a visit to be a capital cure for the other's malady, they set off together on a May day, and arrive at Tuskaloo, Penn., called by the Doctor "Beulah Land," where the sly Doctor's tangle, like vaccine, soon begins to take with an energy unsuspected save, perhaps, by the ingenuous Polly, the Doctor's niece, and Io her friend, the first managing Rufus, the second, Charlie; more particularly when one day the latter, out for an early morning ride with indifferent Miss Io, comes suddenly upon his father carrying Polly across the stream of The Swirl, a mortifying situation considerably strengthening the friendship of the delinquents, who loiter homeward by the way of the Lodge, where milk and bread and butter can be obtained, and are met by Boylston, the coachman, with his team, and driven home. A few days after this Rufus and the Doctor, in the library, are interrupted by Polly, who insists upon being admitted to the conference, in which an understanding is arrived at concerning the future of Charlie and Io, and Rufus is introduced more intimately to the charms of the fine old country-place and to Mr. Fancher, a beau of Io's, and a dawning cause of jealousy to Charlie. Just at this time Polly takes it into her head to visit neighboring cousins at the Clove, so thither Rufus and the Doctor are compelled to walk one summer day to seek advice and to bring the young woman home.

VII.—THE CAPITULATION OF POLLY.

THE Doctor and I strode along across his fields in the full glare of that summer day, heralded by innumerable birds and bannered by blossoming trees. The aspect of the country was one of whelming life and beauty, softened by infinite varieties of color and prophetic of an orderly opulence that seemed to be the expression of an undisturbed divine order. It was impossible not to feel the gentle stress of nature, everywhere luxuriating in the early stages of its exultation. The lanes were snowed deep in blossoms; the air was heavy with the incense of a thousand censers. It was that auspicious moment when, as the poet has said, "the earth is in tune," and out of her myriad mysteries came only the harmonies that intoxicate the sense.

The Doctor, who instinctively knew what I was thinking about, fitted himself into it with ready gusto.

"The real charm of this country," he said, "has not changed much for half a century. The sturdy men who came here from Scotland and the North of Ireland left most of the distressing influences behind them. They came from bleak hills and storm-swept moors into a land flowing with milk and honey, where the roses sprang up over night, and the grasses of the field stretched forward millions of hands to meet them. The whole belt of this country, from the mountains eastward across the great terraces to the sea, slopes away in an intermediate zone of quiet luxuriance. On one side races the torrent of Northern enterprise, magnificent, clamorous, insatiable; on the other side stretches the exhausted domains of an outlived condition waiting for new life. This is the splendid mean between the aggressive destructiveness and the patriarchal indolence of man. Here he seems to have lost everything but the primitive thrift and content, and walks in the footsteps of his fathers with a homely industry."

Having delivered himself of this characteristic speech, the Doctor stopped in the lane and pointed—very much as Abraham might have done—to the outlying meadows, through which a bit of blue ribbon ran its watery way, and upon which the dainty mistress of the season had shirred her wild *parterres* with feminine device. It was not that, however, to which he directed my attention, but to the Southdown mutton moving lazily across the slopes, and looking, at that distance, like the aphides on a succulent leaf. Silhouetted on the crown of the rise, against the purple bastions of a far-off mountain, sat the shepherd and his collies, like black dots on the rim of it all. The pastoral perspective was like an opening into ancient days. The soft south wind

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swept over the stretches, rippling the fields and puffing lazily a few white clouds that sailed into the northeast. No doubt the Doctor saw that my fancy was leaping ahead of the facts, and for that profligacy he always had a leash of practical sense, though he was not always able to adjust it to my evasive faculties. I believe his remarks took on this occasion a reference to pounds of fleece and heads of fatlings, with a quiet observation about the easy flux of vegetable into animal life, if you did not interfere violently with it. But when he drew me down to the stark market rates, and told me that he would cut a hundred and fifty tons of hay, worth two thousand dollars in the market, and began to figure on the small profits, I, who must have been breathing in a little of the illimitable and thinking of a shepherdess in her buckled shoes dancing over those slopes, rather resented his sordid disturbance of my atmosphere, and told him that the result by barn measurement did not appear to my financial mind to be exultingly remunerative.

"That is because you look at it through your infernal Wall Street spectacles," he said. "Look at it through my unaided eyes just for a moment. I haven't taken to glasses yet."

"Seen through your eyes," I asked, "is the sum total changed?"

"Absolutely. Metamorphosed—sublimated from mere connivance to comfort; from insatiate grasping and grubbing to a kind of ethereal guardianship. You do not apprehend the spiritual side of it."

"Spiritual side of what—wool and mutton and grass?"

"Not exactly. The spiritual side of my dealing in them at all, without any barn measurements. The spirituality of it resides in the fact that I get so precious little out of it."

"That's it," I said; "the spiritual assets of your husbandry are not computable. If I were to give way to your agriculture of the air I might try to reap some of your rhapsodies, but I should probably fail for want of your harvesting fancy."

"Then you think that I reap nothing but fancies."

"Oh, yes—philosophy. But you would reap that in the top of a New York apartment house. I shall agree with you and share your enjoyment so long as you do not try to list your assets as available resources."

"Yes," he said reflectively, "my scheme must appear that way to you, and is not an industrial one."

"Better," I said. "As you put it, it seems to me to be a religious scheme."

He laughed heartily. "Try and understand me," he said. "I have been beguiled into it—not by a promoter, but by the cajolement of the thing itself. So great has been its influence that I have given up working for myself and taken to working for other people. You have no idea what a relief it is. Instead of pulling the other fellows down in a strictly business or industrial manner, I stoop a little so that the other fellows can climb up a little higher on my shoulders. I am carrying seven families on my back."

"But you do not stoop any."

"No. I stand pretty straight to it, do I not? I learned, when I was in England, that the whole art of being a successful landed proprietor, is not to depend on your land, but to make it depend on you. Nothing is more un-American and effete and delightful. It is a lesson that I learned from the land itself, and I think any one can learn it when he isn't content to furrow the land, but fraternizes with it."

"That," I said, "is undoubtedly a pretty poetic idea, and is properly appreciated when a man has ten thousand a year."

The Doctor gave no heed to this, but continued: "I came into this country with the common understanding that I was to get everything I could out of it. Squeeze and grub was the agricultural motto. If I hadn't left most of my human kind out of the scheme, and taken a lesson or two from nature herself, I should have been much more successful as an agriculturist, but not as self-respecting as a philosopher or a religionist. No sooner had I settled myself and arranged my sordid machinery than I established an intimacy with nature and began to feel a little ashamed of myself. She had no squeeze and grub. Everything was giving up to something else; from the stem of grass to the Holstein cows the whole procession of forces was bent on relinquishing; giving up all that it had joyously and then getting out of the way for something else. I pictured myself bringing the procession to a halt on my porch; spreading myself and taking it all in and congratulating myself that I was a terminal depot where it all stopped. I think that I sneaked

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around among the fields for a while, feeling that I was a piece of impertinence, and before I knew it I had fallen into the general scheme. There was no use in breaking a cog in such enginery. So I took to passing on the benefits. I might have discharged my seven workmen and lived on my interest, but I retained them and let them live on it. When a man gets to be my age, I suppose it does look like religion, but it is only a doting voluptuousness. I like to fancy myself sitting over these people and shepherding them with a benign superiority, like that fellow you saw on the rim with his dogs. Now and then one of the flock gets a little astray, like this lamb we are going after, and then I come down with my crook and fetch things round into natural order again. It's about the only luxury left to a dotard."

"Doctor," I said, "you are perfectly right, and I think I understand you. Having imbibed the great lesson from nature, you set about transforming your human establishment into a *parterre*, where everybody should bloom and sing and grow and take no special heed. I suppose it is as near to a paradisaical condition as a philosopher ever gets in this world, and it was worth coming a long way to see. If you will pardon me for saying it, I feel like a bird myself on this occasion; but what I cannot understand is why any lamb in the flock should be at all anxious to get away."

"Bob—ah, you are thinking of Bob. Well, you see that Bob belongs so entirely to the nature of things that her absence makes me feel that I have in some way disturbed the natural order—just as if the robins should depart in July."

"I hope there was nothing in my treatment of her," I said, "that made her uncomfortable."

"That's just it," said the Doctor, catching hold of my arm. "Bob probably scented our conspiracy, and being such a child of nature, her first impulse was to escape from anything so diabolically unnatural—you understand me; I mean that she scented the conspiracy and resented the omission. It is a peculiarity of Bob's that she must not only suspect everything, but must have a finger in everything. I think you will have to tell her all about your paternal anxiety, and ask her to help you. I have great faith in Bob's caprices and inscrutable impulses."

"I wish you would suggest some possible way in which her delightful caprices would be of any assistance to a slightly perturbed father."

"One can never tell. She might keep Mr. Fancher at a distance. I have already observed that he avoids her as he would an X-ray. Has it occurred to you that Mr. Fancher needs a gentle repulsion, such as the duties of hospitality forbid me to exercise?"

"From the somewhat casual observation that I made of Mr. Fancher, I think that gentleness would play a part of no more importance with him than does water on a duck's back. I hope I am not disparaging your guest."

"Ah, you have been observing him."

"I passed the time of day with him, and he managed to impart to that amenity a decided disregard of delicacy."

The Doctor laughed. "Bob," he said, "is a most extraordinary buffer. If I thought there was any danger of my colliding with Mr. Fancher, I'd hang Bob over my gunwale."

"I wish you would tell me explicitly in what way I can avail myself of Polly's talents."

"I don't know that I can tell you why a pinch of salt adds to the zest of one's appetite. I have an idea that Polly belongs more entirely to the natural order than we do, and as the consequences which we are trying to avoid belong also to that order, we might baffle nature itself with an alliance with nature. Bob probably sees through us both, and is piqued that she has been left out of the conspiracy. Besides, with the mingled impudence and acumen of her sex, she detests Fancher."

"Why do you think so?" I asked, feeling a sudden throb of kindliness toward Bob.

"Don't ask me why I think. Great Scott, man, when one is up to his ears in a day like this, he doesn't try to find out why he thinks. He just keeps on thinking, very much as he keeps on breathing."

And the Doctor threw out his ample breast and took in an extra supply of oxygen.

"Doctor," I said, "what do you suppose Miss Io's views are with respect to Mr. Fancher?"

"Absolutely nebulous and abeyant," he replied; "waiting, like chaos, to be shaped by some imperative will. Io is the most

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plastic arrangement of beauty and inertia you ever saw. So imagine my anxiety and, to some extent, my responsibility."

Here we came within sight of the house where our runagate had taken refuge, and I exclaimed:

"Why, I've been here before; eaten pie and milk here."

"So much the better," said the Doctor. "We'll just clap her straw hat on, take her by the ear, and march her back. When you get a good opportunity, take her into your confidence discreetly."

On arriving at the gate we were confronted by two malicious mastiffs that had the run of the yard, and that warned us off with a superfluous show of white teeth and a duet of growls.

The Doctor expressed some indignant astonishment that the dogs were not chained up, and then shouted "House!" in summoning tones. Immediately there appeared at an upper window the pert face of Polly herself, holding the curtain away with a quick hand and leaning eagerly out.

"Come down here, you Baggage," cried the Doctor, "and shut up these dogs."

"Gracious! how you frightened me," said Polly. "I thought you were tramps. Did you bring my trunk? How kind——"

"No nonsense. I've come to fetch you back. Put your hat on."

Polly leaned her elbows on the window sill. "There comes Boylston," she said. "How good of him. He's bringing the trunk."

We looked round, and presently up drove the family phaeton, with "Mother" and Boylston in it. The old lady leaned out, and seeing us at the gate, said in an explanatory way:

"I'll take her back with me."

"How good of you all," said Polly. "But you know I can't come down. I am just as much afraid of the dogs as you are, and if I came down, they would be sure to tear the only innocent person there is to pieces. Marjory has gone to the field, and she always lets them loose till she comes back."

The Doctor leaned on the gate-post and shouted to the dogs to be quiet, and "Mother" tried to coax them with much sibilation from the vehicle, while Boylston, who was assuring the horse that there was no burglary intended despite the noise, also tried to whistle amicably between. I looke at the scene, and especially at the bright face so leisurely taking it all in at the window, and said to the Doctor:

"It seems to me that this is one of those occasions when it would disturb the natural order to interfere. There is somebody else coming up the road," and sure enough, presently Miss Io and my disinterested son, appeared on horseback and joined the group, thereby increasing the clamor of the dogs, that were evidently not used to such convocations. Charlie regarded the family gathering with considerable awe, I thought, but Polly clapped her hands.

"What a surprise party," she cried. "Stand still a moment. I have it."

Then she disappeared from the window.

"It's all right," said the Doctor. "She has gone to get her hat. We ought to have brought a shot-gun and a pair of handcuffs."

Boylston, who had tied his horse, approached the fence coaxingly, and Polly, calling to him from the window, asked him to stand a little more on one side.

"Come, come," cried the Doctor, "never mind your frills. We can't stand here all day."

"Just a moment," said Polly. "Keep your eye on that chimney. All right now—there you are." And we all heard the click, and knew that the captive maiden had snapped us with her camera.

"It was such a splendid opportunity," she said afterwards, "to catch the whole family at bay, with *he* in the foreground gnashing his teeth, and everybody staring into the sky, as if a new star had appeared."

But it was reserved for Charlie to put the finishing touch of absurdity on this picture. He came up to the fence, saying quite demurely: "I suppose you all want to go in. I don't think these dogs are dangerous," and putting his hand over the rail he patted them on their heads, and with a word or two transformed them into tail-wagging lambs. "I'll just chain them up," he said, opening the gate and striding off round the house with the two animals at his heels.

"Now then," cried the Doctor, "you stand here at the gate, and Boylston, you guard the rear exit, while I take the position by storm."

"You had better let me go in," said Mother, "and help her arrange herself."

"Nonsense," said the Doctor. "I will

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arrange her in short order," and in he strode.

"It seems to me," said Io, "that Mr. Charles is better than any of you in arranging matters."

"Oh, when it comes to dogs," I said, "he always did show the stuff he was made of. It's what the Doctor calls fraternization."

Our colloquy was interrupted by the appearance of the Doctor leading the captive on his arm. She looked very demure, but stepped rather airily for a prisoner, and preserved, I thought, some kind of latent defiance in the tilt of that chip hat.

"Please," she said, making a great show of struggling with the Doctor's arm, "please —I see one friend in the crowd. Let me go to him," and she kissed her hand to me.

"You just get into that phaeton, and do as I tell you, you absconding and ineffable little ingrate," said the Doctor.

Once in the phaeton, guarded by the old lady beside her, the Doctor arranged the bodyguard. He and I walked Indian file on one side, Charlie and Boylston on the other, Io bringing up the rear with the two horses; and thus protected, the *cortége* moved in solemn procession down the road, its majesty broken only at times by little flute-like bursts from the phaeton.

When the captive was once more landed in triumph on the Doctor's front veranda, I think there were many upbraidings and explanations and evasions all tangled up in soprano, from which the masculine conspirators kept well away. But an hour or two later, when matters had apparently fallen into their old rut, and everybody seemed to have recovered his and her former buoyancy, except Charlie, who was moping somewhere round the carriage-house, trying to make up for the loss of New York excitement, by the vivacity of Boylston and the animation of the horses—then it was I caught Bob on the fly and pinned her down on the rose bench. She appeared to be a little more nervous than usual I thought, and showed an inclination to escape me.

"Polly," I said, "the first time that we had a talk you invited me to be confidential with you. I have just come to the conclusion that I should have taken you at your word."

That did not allay her nervousness. "Oh, don't bother with it," she said; "I was too rude."

"Not a bit. I was too reserved. The Doctor thinks I ought to tell you everything."

"*He?* Everything? Me?"

"Yes—what makes you so apprehensive? I am old enough to be your father, and you are young enough to be my daughter. You might, even as a matter of friendship, regard Charlie as your brother."

"Father," she repeated rather softly, looking up at me and pulling in her under lip as was her habit. "It sounds a little too sacred for a pretence."

"You suspected that I had run away from something when I came down here. You were right. Now let me tell you just what it was."

"Oh," said she, quite impulsively, "why not write it. It would be ever so much nicer in a letter—and then I can study it."

"No. I am going to tell you all about it now. You see, Charlie and I are a little different from most persons. We have always been close together, and think a great deal more of each other than father and son usually do. I suppose his future and happiness are really more important to me than anything else in life—you can understand that."

"Yes," she said; "in a father that sounds all right."

"Oh, Charlie feels the same way. I don't believe he would deliberately do anything against my wishes; but Charlie is young, you know, and might do something before he knew it."

"Did he?"

"Why, yes. There wasn't anything wrong, you understand. It was only foolish. Young men cannot always see as far ahead as their fathers. Try and imagine yourself his sister, and then I am sure you will take my view of it. Remember that I had been for so many years planning and preparing and watching and guarding, and then you will see how it affected me."

"What did?"

"Why, his—how shall I put it?—his getting estranged from me a little—just a little, you know. Being deluded, beguiled —only through his eyes, you know. He allowed himself to get acquainted with a girl in the theatre. I don't believe he stopped to think or he wouldn't have done it. Boys are so easily caught by a passing illusion, and, poor fellows, they have no means of knowing just how unworthy it may be. Probably he thought she was an

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angel, and all that sort of thing, just because of her glitter and shallow prettiness."

"Was she pretty?"

"I suppose she was. But all girls are more or less pretty to young men. She was probably nothing more than the ordinary creature of plumage and vanity, the kind that one expects to find in a theatre. Now if it were your brother, and I were telling you this about him, you would feel just as I do, wouldn't you? But Charlie is made of such excellent stuff that I knew if I could only get him away where some other and better ideal could fill his eye—don't you know, he would rise to the situation. There's nothing so effectual for this kind of disease as change of air and scene, and when my old friend, the Doctor, invited us down here fortune favored me by presenting such new attractions as I feel sure would create in any young man's mind a new standard of beauty and character. Remember that the Doctor and I are old and intimate friends, and when he told me that he was anxious to save Io from the same mistakes of youth that beset my boy—and, if you will permit me to say so, my dear girl, that beset all young persons—you can imagine how providential it all seemed. Can't you turn round and let me see your face when I am trying my best to be confidential? Just think what a disaster it would have been if Charlie, in a moment of heedlessness, had made an alliance with some dreadful woman in the theatre—and young men are all liable to do these insane things. I have been young myself, Polly."

"Have you, really?" said Polly in a tone of doubt.

"Sure. Don't you feel the least bit of sympathy for me in my experience? I had an idea that you could help me."

"Oh, dear me," said Polly, "I don't see what you brought me back here for. What can I do?"

"You are so quick and clever, and then you are closer to Io than anybody else can be at present; and it is all such a plain sailing duty for every one of us. You seem to have lost all your desire to be confidential. What is it I have done to forfeit your candor?"

She was silent a moment as if trying to think. Then she said rather hesitatingly:

"Was the New York person—Mr. Charles's sweetheart, wasn't that what you called her——"

"No, I didn't call her that."

"Was she irredeemably unworthy?"

"I didn't say that either. She wasn't in Charlie's class, that is all, and he will forget her—he must."

"For Io's sake?"

"Let us say for his own sake and his father's."

"And I am to help in it. You ought to see that it is impossible."

"I cannot see why," I said, taking her little hand coaxingly, and remembering how it had gone up round my neck there at the river. "I wish you would tell me why you cannot."

She gave something like a little gulp. I felt it come down to her fingers. But she did not turn round.

"Because—" she said, and then she took a fresh breath—"because I am the disreputable New York girl herself."

(To be continued.)

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS FOES.

By E. Crayton McCants.

DOWN in the Keowee country, where the long, red road leads gently down the scarred and gullied slopes of the ragged hills, loiters under the shade of low-hanging willows, crosses gingerly, by means of a wooden bridge, the yellow river water, and at last, with many a tortuous turning, stretches away toward the purple line of the northern woodlands, Wash Bozeman lives. Long ago, before the days of the bridge, when the "Island Ford" and "Puckett's Ferry" were names to conjure by, Wash was ferryman here, taking toll in money and in "kind" of the laden wagons that crossed to the Keowee Market, and recrossed with supplies for the big plantations.

But the bridge, rude and insecure though

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it be, has changed all this, and for many years Wash has enjoyed the leisure so necessary to the highest development of a thinking mind. Also he fishes, cunningly and with patience, so that the fame of Wash has gone abroad, and men come from afar to listen to his wisdom, and to eat the finny fruit of his "set-hooks."

Personally, Wash is small. His weather-beaten skin fits as loosely, almost, as does his weather-beaten clothing, and his foot-coverings, though without form, are by no means void. But from beneath the brim of his aged "palmetto" his blue eyes twinkle quizzically, and the big mouth holding the stem of a corncob pipe smiles back carelessly into dreamy old Nature's half-humorous, half-tearful face.

Apt with a "skillet" is Wash, and "a very valiant trencher-man" withal; ready to extend the right hand of fellowship to any man who has the energy to dig bait in the early morning, and the wit to lie idle for the rest of the day—idle in the shade of the river-kissing willows, there to watch the minnows toy with his line, to feel rather than see the play of the shadows, to gaze at the fat kine and the sheep in the grassy bottoms, and to listen to the ruby-throated doves calling from the hillside pines, the murmur of the wind in the trees, and the fine, soft music of the rippling water.

Tired, and sick of the city, the hot glare of the pavements, and the stereotyped greetings of men—tired of the hurry and bustle, the whir and the clang of the trolleys, the scream of the steam-whistles, I thought of Wash.

I found him at the river bridge preparing bait, and when we had made libation we sat down on the long meadow grass beside a quiet pool and wetted our lines. The fish didn't bite much, but who cared for that in the deep, cool stillness of the waterside thickets, where one could smoke and doze and dream. It made one whole, like sleep; steadied the quick, hot currents of the blood, and stole with vague, hypnotic soothing into the frayed fibres of overwrought nerves and the toil-worn cells of the brain. Presently the morning passed, and with high noon the cattle came to stand leg-deep in the shallows and chew the reflective cud. How wise these cattle are!

A still small voice, thin and fine, cut the heated air, while my companion struck out viciously, and swore in slow and measured cadence.

"What's the matter, Wash?" I asked.

"Muskeeters!" he answered sententiously.

"Ah, mosquitoes," I said. "I'll rout them," and I began refilling my pipe.

"No yer won't!" he returned. "Them skeeters air us'n ter that."

"Tell me about them," I said, striking a match and settling back against the bole of the nearest tree.

"It was last year," he began, "jest after the overflow, that them muskeeters was born. Don't yer see how gray they is. Them skeeters is a-gittin' old—old an' knowin'. Not ever' man kin deal with sich skeeters. But I kin, an' I done so night afore las'. It was long after dark a spell. I had gone ter bed, and had drapped off ter sleep. But suddint like, I woke. There was a big concert a-gwine on. The bullfrogs was a-bassin' an' the little frogs was a-rattlin' like snare drums, but the treble—the treble was toted by the skeeters. I laid thar a while a-listenin' ter 'em, all melojious like, tell at las' thar was a call fer refreshments. I dunno what the frogs done, but the skeeters made straight fer me. I fou't 'em a bit, but they was a few too many. I kivered up close, but their bills retched clean through the kiver. Then I riz an' made up a smoke, but they was us'n ter that! An' all the time they was a-retchin' fer me an' a-whettin' their bills same as a cradler in wheat-harves' time. I seed sumpin' had ter be done, an' done dern quick at that. You know that big merlasses kittle in my yard? Waal, I went out an' turned that over me."

"That checked them, I suppose."

"It did fer a little while, but the next I knowed they was onto the i'un. Man, their bills wur jes' like tempered steel, an' they wur a-drillin' through ter git me; but an idee struck me, an' I saved myself."

"How?"

"Why, I got my hammer, an' as fast as a bill come through I bradded it on the inside of the kittle!"

"Indeed!"

"The kittle was sp'ilt," he added reflectively, "but I ketched a fine lot of muskeeters."

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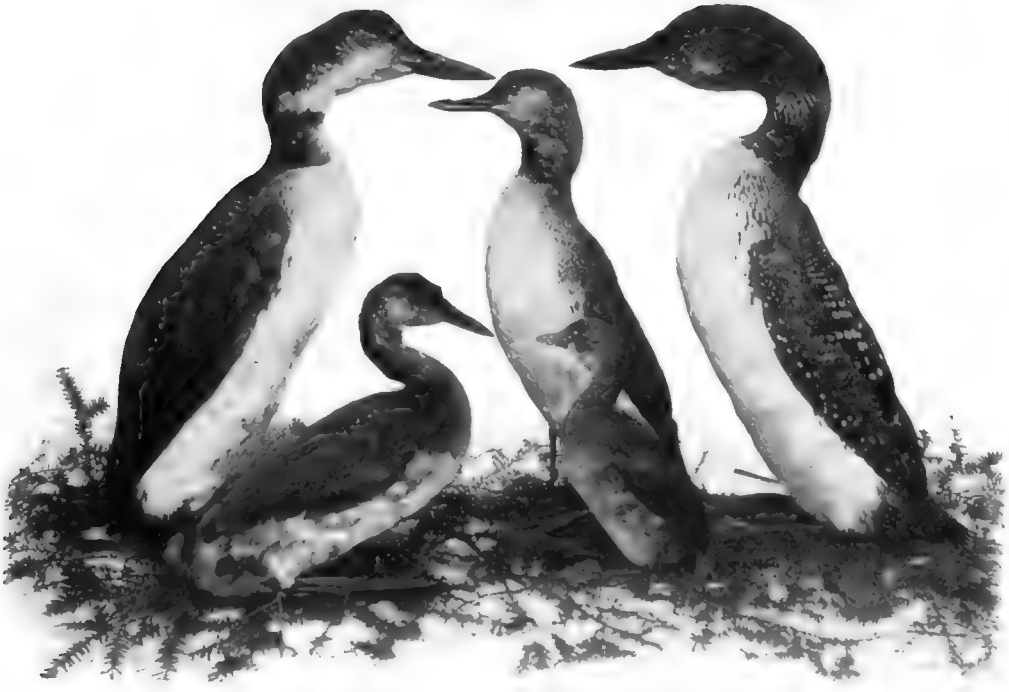
MOUNTED GREBES AND LOONS.

Immature Loon. Red-throated "Pegging-awl" Loon. Adult Loon: Winter.



Holboell's Grebe. Pied-billed Grebe, or "Dabchick."

THE SUBMERGED TENTH: GREBES AND LOONS.

By Herbert K. Job.

Illustrated from Photographs from Life, by the Author.

[These photographs are a most extraordinary achievement in the new art of depicting nature and her bird and animal children. In Dakota, the far Magdalen Islands, and along the Maine coast, as well as at his Connecticut home, Mr. Job has secured, with infinite patience and ingenuity, the most surprising series of wild-fowl pictures, revealing facts as to the breeding habits of these shy birds which have never before been chronicled. His address and pictures created a real sensation at the recent meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union; and Audubon, the great pioneer, would have marvelled at this pen and camera presentation of no less than twenty species of wild ducks in their native haunts. The first article, which appeared in the February issue of this Magazine, will be followed by several others, equally notable, dealing with the other water-fowl.—Editor.]

THE seventh day of a recent June found me, with a companion, driving over the sun-baked, fire-scorched prairie of North Dakota, within a few miles of the international boundary. For miles no settler's shack had been sighted to break the solitude. Though the scenery was monotonous, there was a fascination in jogging along over this billowy grass in the crisp, stimulating air, with the frequent glimpses of bird and animal life. Ducks flew out from the little wet depressions. A covey of Cock Pinnated Grouse whirred away from a weedy spot. Meadowlarks, longspurs, sparrows, or Prairie Horned Larks were nearly always in sight, with Black Terns flitting about. At any time we were liable to see a coyote slinking off in the distance, a badger dozing by its hole, or to start a jack-rabbit and see it speed away with surprising leaps. Gophers scurried to their burrows, and disappeared with that peculiar whisk of the tail that always forces me to an inward smile.

We were driving from our camp on the wind-swept plain by Rush Lake to a small

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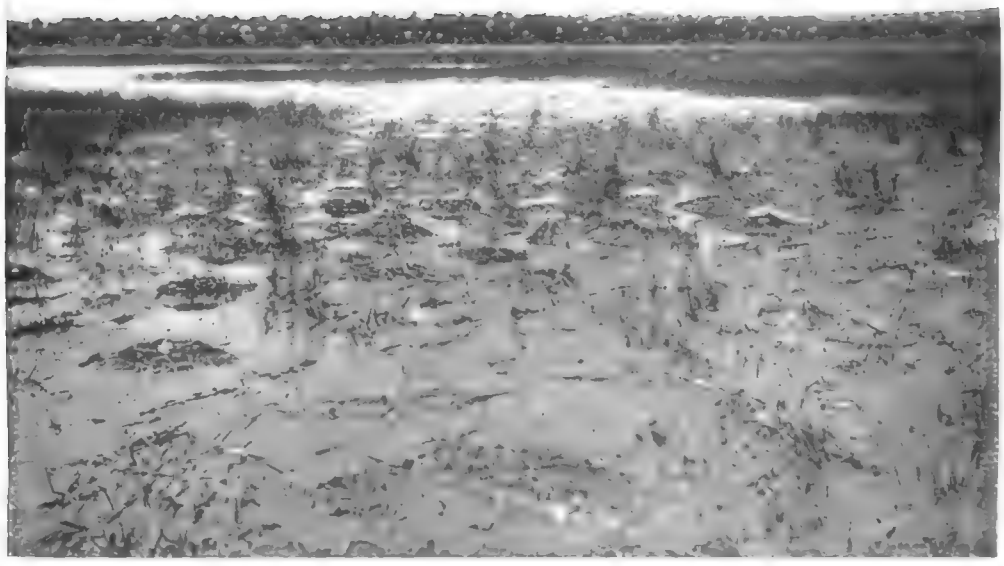

PART OF AN AMERICAN EARED GREBE COLONY, SHOWING MANY FLOATING NESTS, WITH EGGS WHICH HAVE BEEN COVERED BY THE BIRD BEFORE LEAVING.

lake, or "slough," some miles farther to the west, which a settler had told us swarmed with birds. There, at length, it lay before us, with perhaps a third of a mile of open water, and a large grassy island in the centre. Many ducks, coots, and grebes were in sight; but on the shore of the island were the most birds, a great flock, fairly darkening the area.

Not being able to decide from that distance what they were, I resolved to wade out to them. Dakota "sloughs"—as marshy ponds are there called, pronounced "sloo"—are generally quite shallow; but a few steps into this one made it evident that boots were here of no avail. At every step difficulties increased. The water became breast deep, and was filled from bottom to surface with decaying vegetation. For fifteen minutes I struggled on, chilled, but intent upon reaching the sunny island shore, where I could examine at my leisure the many nests which I expected to find.

As I came to the edge of an area of long grass that had hidden from me what was beyond, a memorable sight met my eyes. The water seemed alive with birds, swimming or floating upon its surface. Sprinkled about everywhere among them were what looked like little mounds. Upon nearly every mound sat a bird. As they saw me, some slid off into the water, while others pecked away industriously at something. Then it all dawned upon me—I had found a breeding colony of the American Eared Grebe. The mounds were nests, and the birds were covering their eggs, as is their custom, to hide them from the intruder.

Soon I was right in the midst of the Grebe city. But such wet, untidy, uncomfortable homes they were, as contrasted with the warm, soft, downy bed that ducks prepare, the substantial structure of the robin, or the elaborately woven pouch of the oriole! I felt that I was in the slums of bird-dom. Here was the problem of the submerged class of their society.

At my approach the grebes all left their nests, though in some cases the anxious owners lingered to cover their treasures until I was very near. This enabled me to watch carefully the whole process. The bird arose from a prostrate position upon the eggs, and assumed one more or less upright, squatting upon the rump, to one side of the eggs. Reaching over, she seized

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COVERED NESTS OF AMERICAN EARED GREBES, AS LEFT BY THE BIRDS, NORTH DAKOTA.

with the bill a piece of floating grass close at hand, and laid it across them. Sometimes she would fish out quite a bunch at one haul. If possible, she kept at it until the eggs were entirely hidden, when she would slide off into the water with a push of the feet that gave quite a little momentum. Some of them dove at once and came up a short distance away, while others remained on the surface. The fact of my having only head and shoulders out of water evidently made them less afraid of me than if I had been in a boat.

I should judge that there must have been upwards of a hundred nests right around me, and how many more there were off in the grass I cannot say. Certainly it was a large colony, for the whole slough seemed alive with grebes, and all of the one species. The nests were floating quite close together, often touching one another. There was very little grass growing out of the water, and the nests were not anchored, except as they rested, more or less, on the floating *débris*. This held them in a measure, but it seemed likely that a strong wind might drive them from their location. Most of the nests were covered, and I bobbed about among them, removing the coverings to see how many eggs there were. It was evident that the laying operations of the colony were not complete, for some of the nests were empty, or had but a single egg. Only two that I saw had five eggs, three or four being the usual number.

Haste was necessary, for my sunny isle was a delusion. I realized that submersion did not make me a grebe, for I was already shuddering with the cold. So, hurriedly placing a few sets of eggs in the creel that I had dragged out over the water, reluctantly I turned from my bird-slums, and made for the shore.

The day after the grebe colony incident I spent the morning alone near the west end of Rush Lake. In time I waded out to quite an open lead of water, adjoining which many coots had their nests in the grass. Over near the other side were fifty or more Eared Grebes swimming about, evidently another colony. This time I was determined not to be thwarted. So when my companion appeared, we drove back, hitched the bow of a canoe to the back of the wagon, and, after dragging it more than a mile over rough, wet ground, I managed to get afloat

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WESTERN GREBE.

in it with camera and all needed apparatus. As I came within sight of the grebes, they sank like stones—a submerged company, indeed, for I saw them no more, save for an occasional head thrust momentarily out of the water to reconnoitre. One of them I saw swim under the boat, only a little way below the surface. It used wings and feet as oars, and was indeed flying through the water. But what of the nests? Not one could I find, though I explored the edges of the open water all around, and penetrated into the grass in every direction.

Late last June I was encamped with three companions upon the timbered shore of another large Dakota lake, where one morning a wonderful sight greeted us. We had run with our boat almost into a large colony of American Eared Grebes, surprising the birds right upon their nests. Perhaps they had heard enough to arouse their suspicions, for they were in the act of covering their eggs. But no sooner did they see our heads over the grass than there was a general plunge which sounded like the roar of a rain-squall as it first strikes a body of water. Every grebe dove; but in a few moments we saw them emerge in large numbers out in the open water beyond.

Here were the slums of a larger grebe city than I had seen before, and this time I was in better condition to inspect it. There were over a hundred of the little wet mounds close together in a compact area, and no knowing how many more farther in through the grass. I did not like to push the boat in, as it would involve the overturning and destruction of a great many nests, so was content with a somewhat superficial examination of the colony. The birds had been able in every case to cover their eggs before retreating. Pulling off the layer of wet *dérbis* from a number of the nearer nests, we found that the usual number of the eggs was three, the largest five. Other nests were empty, or with only one or two eggs.

Then, as we looked off, we saw some distance away hosts of other grebes sitting or standing upon their floating nests, and realized that what we were inspecting was only the suburbs of the real city, towards which we now directed the boat. The grebes, seeing us approach, slid off into the water while we were still at quite a distance, and

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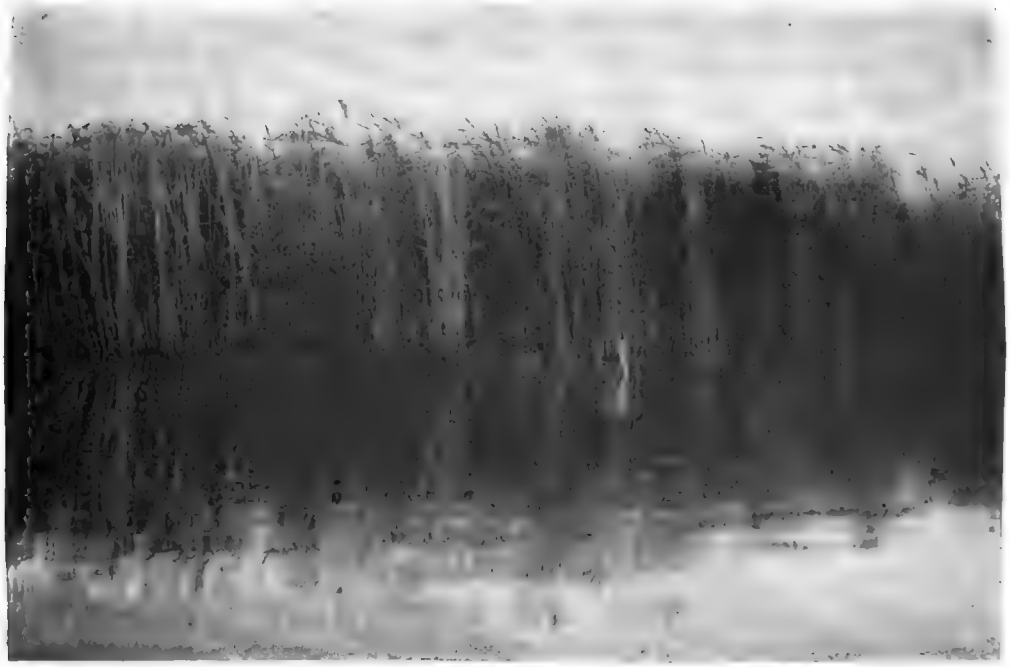
in squadrons paddled out farther into the lake. Reaching the place, we found that a lane of water, "Broadway" I called it, divided the city into an east and a west side.

On the "east side," along the edge of a tract of grass, the nests were crowded four or five deep for some distance. A mass of them, perhaps about thirty, extended in a sort of neck out into the open water. Conditions here, as might be expected, were simply scandalous. Eggs lay rotting in the watery streets, in one spot as many as fifteen together, the result, probably, either of a storm or a squabble. *Débris* of all sorts was strewn around with utter indifference to the public health. The houses were low, untidy affairs, reeking with water and decay, huddled together in hopeless confusion. So unstable is their foundation that quite a mass of them had drifted off in some storm, and were scattered about, overgrown with green scum, the eggs washed and bleached by the overlapping water.

Conditions on the "west side" were hardly better. The congestion was even worse. Nests in close contact formed a considerable area, extending in through the sparse grass to some more open water. It seems to me that the nests in these grebe cities are smaller and more slovenly built than where a pair build a solitary nest. The wonder is how such flimsy affairs can keep the eggs and the incubating bird above water. The husband evidently has to lead a street life, with little to occupy him, except to pick up food and receive the youngsters, which hatch one by one and swim off as soon as they are born. Perhaps he may anticipate the mother's task, and ride the little waifs around on his back.

When at last we retired with the boat, the grebes swam back. Some resumed incubation, while others in parties promenaded up and down "Broadway," in some cases taking their children that had been hiding away in the grass out for a ride. It was an odd sight to see the crop of little heads sticking out from under the parent's wing.

Before leaving, I found it easy to photograph these areas of nests from the boat by snapshots, the sun being bright; but a very different matter to have any of the grebes in the pictures, as they were shy of the boat. Finding that they would not come near enough for a snapshot, I stood up an old tripod with a focus-cloth over the top in the grass a little back from the "east side," leaving it for the birds to become accustomed to the sight. Next day, moving the tripod a little nearer to the



ANOTHER WESTERN GREBE.

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WESTERN GREBE, WITH ITS FLOATING NEST BELOW.

nests, I adjusted the camera, pushed the boat across to the opposite side of the area of grass where the nests were — a distance of about the length of my thread — planted a pole firmly in the muddy bottom, tied the thread to it, and then poled back to the camera with the other end of the thread, which I fastened to the shutter. Then I rowed around to the pole by way of the open water, tied the boat to the pole, and lay down on the bottom, thread in hand, to await developments.

After quite a while the grebes began to swim back in small parties. Two of them approached their nests, and climbed up awkwardly upon them. Their purpose was to cover their eggs more perfectly than in their haste they had done when the boat was approaching. As soon as this had been accomplished, they slid off into the water and rejoined their companions. Unfortunately, they were not quite in the range of the camera, so I lost a splendid chance for an interesting picture. I thought that in time they would all go back, but time passed, and not another one did so. Finally I rowed over there and uncovered some of the eggs, hoping that this would induce the owners to come and cover them.

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Though I did not succeed in this, the effort was not wholly in vain, for through it I learned the reason for the habit. This breeding colony of the Eared Grebes closely adjoined a far larger one of thousands of the Franklin's Rosy Gull. Hardly had I returned to my anchorage when a gull lit upon one of the nests which I had uncovered, and proceeded to pierce the eggs with its bill and devour the contents. I pulled the string and exposed a plate upon this interesting procedure, which, unfortunately, turned out badly. The picture dimly shows the gull with its bill thrust down into the nest, and a single grebe in the water just beyond watching attentively what was probably the spoliation of its home. Perhaps it was fear of the camera that prevented the naturally expected attack upon the marauder.

Another plate had then to be inserted, which, in course of time, I finally exposed when a party of grebes were swimming by just in front of the nests. This was the only fairly successful picture secured in the greater part of a day of hard labor and nerve-wearing toil. After this the thread became almost hopelessly tangled, and, despite long, exasperating effort, I got only another

Photograph by J. C. Young.

NEST OF LOON.

NEST OF HORNED GREBE, MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

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A CLOSER VIEW OF THE WESTERN GREBE.

fogged plate at about sundown. And it was the last chance, too.

Within ten miles of this spot was another equally interesting though very different grebe city. About a hundred yards out from the shore, in water waist-deep or more, grew a great area of canes, ten or twelve feet high. Here I entered the suburbs of the city inhabited by the Western Grebe—a great loon-like creature, the largest species of the order—and the Eared Grebe. In the shadow of the tall canes I seemed to be in some sort of a submerged tropical forest. The leaves of the canes were thicker towards the top, while lower down the stems were bare, like miniature palm-trunks, through which one could see only for a few feet. In this shady retreat, floating between the stems, were the nests of the grebes, on the average about two yards apart. As I slowly waded along, I could hear a constant succession of splashing, plunging sounds, as the birds dove from their nests to swim off under water. When I stood still for a few moments they would return and suddenly emerge, sometimes within a yard of me, only to plunge again the instant they caught sight of the intruder.

These grebe homes, especially of the larger species, were quite substantial affairs. Even the little "eared" fellows made better nests than in the other city where they were so huddled together. But this city, like the other, was shamefully filthy. Eggs, and even dead birds, lay rotting in the water between the nests.

Wherever I went there were nests, acres and acres of them. In parts of the town the larger species dwelt alone; in others the nests of the two kinds were intermingled

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THE GREBE AT HOME.

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Photograph by A. C. Bent.

LOON'S NEST, WASHINGTON COUNTY, MAINE.

in about equal numbers. Three eggs were the usual complement in the nests of both species, often four, but more than that I did not discover, except where a grebe of either kind had laid in a nest of the other. It would be interesting to know what is the state of mind that causes various species of birds that colonize together to lay in each other's nests.

Here and there in this city were pond-like openings in the canes, with open water—the city parks, I called them—breathing-places for the grebe multitudes. Standing in water waist deep or more by one of these, I shivered and watched the ways of the grebes. This opening was some thirty feet in diameter, and was surrounded by nests in the adjacent canes. The owners had been frightened away, but as I stood quietly, they would emerge from the open water as a convenient place for more extended observation, take a look at me, and then dive. I found that by standing back a little in the canes they did not notice me so much, and, somewhat reassured, would promenade back and forth across the park. Now and then a small group of the Eared Grebes would swim out from the reeds, gaze around, and paddle across the opening. One of these brought out a chick for a ride. The little one was under the parent's wing, only its head sticking out, seemingly having a fine time. Then one of the great Western Grebes would break water, and swim with only its long slender white neck out, and the merest suggestion of a back, looking more like a water-snake than a bird. Here was an opportunity for grebe photography, which I eagerly improved.

Photograph by J. C. Young.

ANOTHER LOON'S NEST.

I had been wonder-

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ing what was the cause of the evident destruction of life in the grebe city. As I stood there motionless in the canes, a partial solution was suggested. A nest of the Western Grebe with one egg lay almost within reach. Suddenly a large muskrat emerged close by, and crawled out upon the nest. First he glanced around, and though looking right at me did not seem either to perceive or to care, I could not tell which. Next he smelled the egg all over, poking it with his nose. I thought I would now catch him red-handed. But either the animal was looking for something else, or scented danger, for directly he ambled down to the water's edge and plunged. Muskrat houses were numerous, and it is hard not to suspect the occupants of enjoying something more than a vegetable diet. If guilty, however, minks may also have a share in shedding grebe blood.

Photograph by A. C. Bent.

NEST OF PIED-BILLED GREBE, SHOWING HOW THE BIRD HAS COVERED HER NINE EGGS BEFORE LEAVING THEM.

By this time I was chilled and shivering, so began the retreat, and, after two hours and a half of exposure, was glad to set foot on dry land.

Another interesting jaunt was into the Turtle Mountain country, the wooded area of Dakota, some two thousand square miles of low, rolling, rocky hills, covered with a growth largely of poplar. Every hollow between these hills is occupied by a lake entirely different from the marshy, shallow prairie lakes, or sloughs, being clear and deep, with pebbly bottoms, though there are a very few that resemble the sloughs. The woods grow nearly or quite to the water's edge, and there is a border of sound-stemmed reeds for a few yards out. They are much like the typical New England pond, and, like them, have comparatively few water-fowl.

Photograph by A. C. Bent.

LOON'S NEST, HANCOCK COUNTY, MAINE.

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There are some, however, and one of the most characteristic I found to be the large Holboell's Grebe—the only grebe, in fact, that I saw in the region. I met them only in solitary pairs, nesting in the outer edge of the reeds on the shores of the pounds. One of the first birds that I noticed as we drove in from the prairie was one of these grebes swimming in a small pond near some reedy clumps. Next day I walked back there. The bird was on guard, and its mate swam out from the reeds at my approach. There glide in so near to me that I could note every detail of plumage and motion. The red patches on the sides of the neck fairly glowed in the sun, as though they might easily do the same at night of their own radiance.

During my stay in the Turtle Mountains, I found several of the large Holboell's Grebe nests. One was of more than ordinary interest. I saw the bird swim out from the reeds as usual, and right there was the nest with three eggs and the two segments of the

FLOATING NEST WITH YOUNG OF HORNED GREBE.

was the nest amid the reeds in about three feet of water, a large floating pile of wet, decayed stems. The five dirty-white eggs, as large again as those of the Eared Grebe, were covered. With some drift-wood I managed to arrange a standing-place, from which I photographed the nest.

Usually but one pair was found in a small pond, and when in the larger ones there were several, no two nests were very near together. The habit of the birds on these clear lakes of patrolling near the nest renders this very easy to find. I loved to stand still, nearly hidden in the reeds, and see the graceful lovers, close together, shell of a hatched egg. The youthful occupant had evidently just emerged, and there it was in the water, trying to follow its mother. I waded farther out, and the little fellow, either in confusion or seeking a friend, swam back to me, looking up into my face. I picked it up; a curious, tiger-striped thing, so long and slim that it reminded me of a weasel. Then I replaced it in the nest, but at the first opportunity it scrambled out, and disappeared among the reeds. In two of the eggs I could hear the young chirping.

This large grebe seems not very common in Dakota, though I met it sparingly in the larger fresh-water lakes. But everywhere

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FLOATING NEST OF HOLBOELL'S GREBE.

in the prairie sloughs one meets the familiar Pied-Billed and Horned Grebes, as well as the Eared. I did not find these first two in colonies, but each pair nesting by itself, usually well out in the deepest water.

It is no easy matter to identify scattered single nests of the smaller grebes. Seldom, except in colonies, have I been able to see a grebe actually on the nest. A very common and well-known habit of theirs is, on warm days, to cover the eggs with wet *débris*, and leave them for the sun and the heat, generated by the decaying vegetation, to act upon. And it is remarkable how generally they hatch. But it is not true of any species that they never incubate on warm days.

The time was when I supposed that grebes were very silent creatures. But camping by a little open lake which was frequented by a pair of Horned Grebes, I was able to trace to their authorship certain loud cries of whose origin I had been uncertain. The sounds began as a quick chatter, ending with several prolonged notes that I can only describe as yells. They seemed to keep up this noise all night, for I often lay awake listening to it.

Utterly different from the notes just described are those of the big Western Grebe —a shrill, grating trill, not nearly so loud, with a metallic quality, all in one key, like an "anvil chorus," or even the tinkle of a small alarm clock.

My experiences with grebes in the East have been of a very different order from those of the prairie sloughs of the West. Here I have known them largely as migrants, or winterers on our bleak coast. The exception to this was a delightful sojourn among the Horned Grebes in their summer haunts on the Magdalen Islands, in the ponds near "East Point," which Audubon refers to in his journals. Here they were the only grebe, and nested abundantly, one pair to each of the little ponds, and several each to the larger ones, building floating nests out in the reeds, as usual. The Dabchick also nests in the East, from New England northward. It rarely, however, remains as far south as Massachusetts or Connecticut, so I have had to await its advent in September to our retired ponds. By October the Horned Grebe, looking utterly unlike the fine fellow of the sloughs—as is the case with the other grebes as well—appears in the larger lakes and on the coast, followed by the larger Holboell's Grebe. But none of them is more picturesque to me than the little brown Dabchick. I associate it with a lonely pond, in the crisp air of October, surrounded by forests made gorgeous by the touch of the frost. There near the shore the curious creature glides about among the lily-pads, dabbling in the water, and gathering food as it goes. Then it pauses, and rests quietly on the glassy surface, glancing around to see if all is well. Suddenly, with a quick plunge, it is out of sight, and after about a minute rises not far

FLOATING NEST OF PIED-BILLED GREBE.

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away. Then it will lie over on its side and preen its feathers, the light glancing resplendent from its white, silky underparts.

One mid-winter day off Chatham, Mass., with an easterly wind and breaking sea that hurled the fishing-sloop onward, we overhauled a Horned Grebe making desperate efforts to fly. Rising, as do all water-fowl, toward the wind, it would almost get under way when a breaking surge would insultingly slap it in the face, and knock it back into the water. One large wave fairly flung it backward, making the poor thing fall all in a heap. With great persistency it tried five or six times, when the boat had come so close that imminent danger compelled it to give up the fruitless attempt and dive.

A PAIR OF WESTERN GREBES.

Some few of the small white-winged Horned Grebes, and more of Holboell's, remain all winter on the New England coast, and in the spring visit the ponds again, the larger kind as soon as the ice is gone, in March. Both of these follow the coast-line in autumn in flocks, at the same time as the migratory ducks.

Though grebes and loons may not actually flock together, they have enough in common to make it proper to class them alike with "the submerged tenth."

The small loon is not known to nest in the United States, but in many places along our northern border. The larger one makes its summer home on the wild lakes. In northern New England it is common, and now and then it breeds as far south as Massachusetts. Sailing about in Buzzard's Bay early one July, I passed a loon along the Falmouth shore, that was swimming with a half-grown young one close beside her. She seemed very fond of it, and kept caressing it with her bill with true maternal tenderness. Far was it from my thought to disturb them, and our sloop sped on.

Of all the places where I have observed the Great Loon in its haunts, give me the Turtle Mountains of North Dakota. On those frosty nights of middle June, as we lay under our light cotton tent, snuggled up in heavy blankets, often when I was

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A COLONY OF GREBES.

awake I could hear that wild, laughter-like cry, "ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-a-a," as the loons flew over from one lake to another. Our camp was near Gordon Lake, a fine body of water several miles around, with stony shores and a border of reeds. Out on its surface were always a number of loons, and over on the west side several seemed to be patrolling parts of the shore. Walking entirely around the lake, I vainly searched the whole margin for nests. I had reason to believe

FRANKLIN'S GULL DEVOURING GREBES' EGGS.

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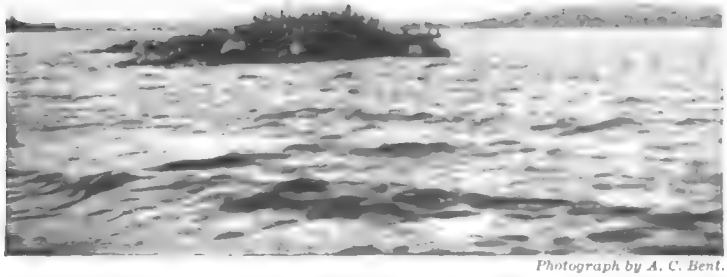
that the young were hatched, and, as there were no muskrat houses or floating mounds that I could discover, it is likely that the eggs were laid on the bare shore, so that no nest was then in evidence.

In one place I surmised that the young were hidden among the reeds. There the parents gave me a most interesting spectacle. The pair were patrolling, rather anxiously, about a gunshot off shore. Knowing of the curiosity of the loon, I kept low in the reeds, and now and then waved my handkerchief above them. The loons at once began to watch, and then gradually to swim in, until they were within about twenty yards of me. They swam back and forth in front of me, keeping close together, their snowy breasts and steel-blue necks reflected upon the mirror-surface, just beyond the reflection of the reeds and of the poplar forest. It was one of the memorable bird-sights of my life.

The next day, June 15th, was ushered in by a furious easterly storm. I donned waterproof and rubber-boots, and started for the new lake a settler had told me about. The very first sight that greeted me as I reached it was a loon off on the water. Impeded by my coat, I floundered along the boggy and reedy margin, the loon keeping abreast of me wherever I went. The pond was in two parts, divided by a low island that almost filled the narrows in the middle.

I waded to the island, and systematically examined its shore. There were several empty nests of Holboell's Grebe scattered along. Finally, I was almost back at the starting-point, heated, bedraggled, and well-nigh discouraged, when suddenly, out at the edge of the reeds, about twenty yards ahead of me, there arose a most prodigious fluttering and splashing, and away went an enormous loon, half flying, half dragging herself over the water. Getting out into the lake, she alighted with a great splash, and instantly dove. Eagerly I hastened forward. Through the reeds I could see a muskrat house, and I knew what was in store. Not on top, but on the outer side, well down near the water, the bird had flattened out a sort of platform. It was the home of the loon, at last! In a slight hollow lay, not the usual two, but one enormous dark brown, spotted egg. That it was the full laying of the bird was evident, for it was almost ready to hatch. A day or two more, and I should have been too late.

What could be wetter than the surroundings of this almost amphibious creature, out there a couple of rods from shore in three or four feet of water, especially in that downpour, and with the lake rising so as almost to lap over on the egg! And there, up near the end of the lake, were both the loons together, submerged, as usual—all but head and neck and a little strip of the back—engaged, no doubt, in family consultation. From them came now and then—it seemed to me rather inappropriately—the wild, quavering note which, though it resembled a laugh, sprang from very different sentiments. I imitated the note, and they answered back. Whatever their meaning, my note was of genuine laughter, for I felt that the laugh was properly on my side.



Photograph by A. C. Bent.

SITE OF LOON'S NEST, WASHINGTON COUNTY, MAINE.

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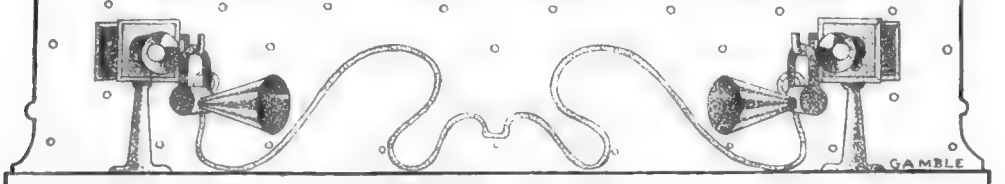
THE LOUD-TALKING TELEPHONE



By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

A RECENT FRENCH IMPROVEMENT ON THE TELEPHONE—ITS USES AT SEA, AS A DETECTIVE, AND IN MANUFACTORIES—ITS MARVELLOUS POSSIBILITIES FOR THE DEAF.

IMAGINE a Frenchman all by himself in a room and talking. There is no one to talk to, but he is talking just the same, earnestly, seriously, with the full steam on of an animated conversation. He quickens impetuously on some of the words, but dwells on others with the mellow, long-drawn-out emphasis of his expressive language. The tones are suave and courteous, but he is tremendously interested, too. He is alone, yet he is making gestures. He extends his hand over the table where he is seated, and holds it in fluttering suspension. The phrase achieved, he turns the palm upward and clinches the point with a graceful little wave. Directly the other hand enters on the scene, and both of them henceforth figure vigorously. No, he is neither crazy nor a statesman rehearsing. Suddenly a voice interrupts him. It is impossible to place the voice, but there seems to be an invisible speaker in the middle of the room. From the argumentative inflections, you would say that the voice is making gestures, too. No, there are no such things as ghosts. This is just the mysterious and uncanny way of the loud-talking telephone. The gesture making is not absolutely necessary to the operation of the apparatus, but it seems to help.

HOW IT DIFFERS FROM THE TELEPHONE, AND WHERE IT COULD BE USED TO ADVANTAGE.

THE loud-talking telephone, or *haut-parleur*, has been recently invented in France. It means briefly that a man can sit at his ease in his arm-chair and talk to another man at a distance as though he were right there in the arm-chair opposite. This other man, far away at the other end, may be at his ease, too, or he may be footing it up and down his office pulling at a cigar, or, for that matter, he may be in his bed in the next room. But in any case these two men are talking to each other with as little effort as though their feet were perched on the same table. The words of the one are caught up by the transmitter on the wall or desk, hurried along the wire through the streets, and pushed into the room of the other with practically all of their original force. Neither party to the conversation need disturb himself to go to the telephone, and when communication is open between two points, it is not even necessary to ring up. You have only to speak out, and ask if your man is there. Or perhaps you are in the midst of a discussion with some people in your office, when a new voice rises above the many voices in the room, begs pardon for interrupting, but desires to know if the bill of lading for that last car has come to hand yet. You recognize a customer over in Brooklyn, and the curious part of it is, he is over in Brooklyn at the moment he breaks in upon your office confab. Probably he wishes to ask you something privately. Then he has merely to say so. You shove a button of the switchboard on your desk, and the loud-talking 'phone is changed back into our ordinary, discreet whispering affair. To hear what your customer is saying now, you have to put your ear to the receiver.

At first glance the *haut-parleur* may not seem good for much outside of an amusing

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novelty. A message by telephone certainly cannot be worth the sending if it does not deserve the small trouble of lifting a receiver to the ear. That is to say, the *haut-parleur* would be a pamperer to laziness. However, a second thought will reveal some very important as well as remarkable applications of this ingenious invention. There is quite a little exercise of imagination in figuring out even a few of its possibilities. In the case of a ship, for instance, particularly during a storm or a battle, the man at the wheel has a vital word of command for the man at the engines. He cannot leave his post even for a second, and the same is the position of the man below. Neither can go to the telephone. But if the boat is fitted up with *haut-parleurs*, then the pilot merely speaks out his command, the engineer hears him above the din of the storm and machinery, and answers from wherever he happens to be at the moment. Equally important would be the uses of this telephone in shops, factories, mines, etc. Again, consider the part it might play in business dealings. Agreements are made every day over the ordinary telephone. Often, also, either wilfully or through a misunderstanding, one of the parties denies that he has ever entered into any such contract. In the contention that follows, there is only the word of one man against the word of another. There is no recourse to proof, for the ordinary telephone cannot repeat the conversation that took place. The waves of sound have been dissipated into space and lost forever. Even if a phonograph had been there, it would have registered only what one of the men said and not what he heard. But the *haut-parleur* gives both sides of the conversation from either end. A phonograph takes down the whole transaction, and makes it as binding as a written contract. The mistaken party is set right, or the dishonest one nailed down to honesty.

With the ordinary telephone one can hear a concert or other performance, but the receiver must be held to the ear, so that a separate apparatus is necessary for each person. There are, for instance, the theatroscope salons of Paris, where one can hear most any opera or play that is going on at the time. But one single *haut-parleur* enables an entire gathering to listen at the same time. The music or the harangue or the sermon comes from the trumpet-like mouth of the receiver, or the same may be shut off as you would shut up a book. This is one instance where Edward Bellamy was looking accurately forward.

Perhaps the most startling of the possible applications of the loud-talking telephone will be as a spy and detective. You can manipulate combinations of crime and dark dealings all day long wherein the *haut-parleur* will be the hero. Two "swell crooks" hold a rendezvous in the room of a hotel and plan a safe-cracking campaign. They do not know it, but every word they utter is heard down-stairs in the private office. Not only that, but every word is recorded, and the two swell crooks are convicted, though they have not committed any crime. That will be the millennium of justice. It will be no longer necessary to wait for one man to be murdered in order to hang another man, which is one of the weaknesses of our present system. But we can go straight ahead and hang the other man, and the constructively murdered man may assist at the function. The state of affairs then will resemble the universal accomplishment of mind-reading. It is true that a man would still be able to think bad without being discovered, but he would have to take it out in thinking, which is more peaceable than doing it with an axe.

There are several different systems of *haut-parleurs* that have been constructed by Frenchmen. Three at least have been reported upon favorably by officials present at the explanations and trials. The telephone of M. P. Germain was tested some time ago by the Ministère des Postes et Télégraphs, with the result that it has been adopted by the state to some extent. Inside the transmitter of this instrument there are delicate membranes of silicate of potash and magnesium, which are extremely sensitive to every vibration of sound-waves. The ordinary induction coil, such as is used in the state telephones, completes the microphone. This coil has a resistance of 1.5 ohms for its primary circuit and 150 ohms for its secondary. The receiver may be lengthened by a tube a yard long, which is slightly conical like a slender trumpet, and throws the sounds a distance of fifteen or sixteen yards at their normal tone, even when out of doors. The voice is heard clearly, without any of that hazy snuffling so common to telephones and phonographs. Singing and musical instruments sound more

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intense than spoken words, though they are equally distinct. The Germain microphone supports currents of from ten to twenty-five volts and from one-half to twenty-five ampères. Five-tenths of an ampère suffices for ordinary conversations, but when there are many hearers, as around the theatroscope, the currents may have to be made stronger. M. Germain has recently obtained much more satisfactory results by substituting micro-telephones for the microphones that he first employed.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE COMBINED HAUT-PARLEUR AND PHONOGRAPH.

ONE of the most important phases of the loud-talking 'phone is its collaboration with the phonograph. Harness these two together and you have a team capable of some interesting work. M. Germain mounts the receiver of his *haut-parleur* squarely on the roll of the phonograph, and a tube from the receiver opening on the vibrating plaque registers what is being said. At the same time the conversation may be heard by the people in the room. But suppose there is no one in the room. It is in just such an emergency that the *haut-parleur* asserts itself as a convenience. The speaker at the other end calls out—no response. He finds that provoking, but he can leave his message just the same. He says what he wants to say, and the phonograph takes it all down and keeps it till the absent one comes back. This is just our modern way of leaving a word on the doctor's slate when the doctor is not at home.

A second *haut-parleur* is intended primarily for short distances, as between the departments of a large manufacturing plant, foundry, or other busy place where noise prevails. Such a telephone will doubtless prove of great value in the industries. With the ordinary 'phones the manager who wishes to communicate with one of his foremen must first ring up the central of the institution, then central calls up the foreman. This is supposing that both are at their posts. And then, because of the confusion of noises, it often happens that the foreman cannot understand what is wanted, or the manager cannot understand if he does or does not understand. So they have to resort to the primitive way and go to each other. But with the loud-talking telephone that Mons. E. Ducretet has constructed after the idea of Mons. R. Gaillard, it would be easy for both manager and foreman to make themselves intelligible above hammering and grinding. This apparatus consists of two microphones, one the transmitter, which has to be taken from its rack and held by the man who is talking, the other the receiver, which repeats in a loud voice at the other end.

The Gaillard system does away with ringing up, and each speaker is heard clearly and distinctly by the other, but there is yet a third telephone, the Dussaud, which possesses not only these two merits, but others as well. First, the speakers need not leave their work at all to go to the 'phone. And, again, it can be applied to the city or long-distance circuits. The inventor has accomplished these results by adjusting an extra-sensitive carbon transmitter to a receiver of four poles and consequently of four vibrating membranes instead of the single one used in the ordinary telephones. The microphone resulting is shaped like a vulcanized-rubber box. It may be screwed apart like the case of a watch, and then may be seen inside little resonant chambers between the membrane partitions. The air vibrates on both sides of the membrane, instead of on one side only, as with the ordinary telephones in use in France. There are therefore eight very short tubes which concentrate the vibrations of the membranes in a resonator. All very simple, M. Dussaud assures you. The extra plaques or membranes reënforce the sound vibrations; for more force, put in more plaques—*voila!* As to the question of throwing the words out from the receiver into the middle of a room, it is necessary to increase the power as the square of the distance, the same as with increasing the power of a light to illuminate a greater space. For instance, if the ear must be within an inch of the receiver in order to hear, then to hear one hundred inches away the power must be increased by one thousand times. The Dussaud *haut-parleur* carries ten, fifteen yards, from one room to another, with the door closed between. That means over a million times as much power as has the ordinary telephone. However, this is true in theory only, for M. Dussaud holds that it actually requires much less. As an example of what his telephone can do, we might mention one of its first appearances in public. This took place at the University of Geneva, in the

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assembly hall that seats one thousand people. Every word, even the words of songs, that came over the 'phone, could be heard in all corners of the large room.

AT THE OFFICES OF THE INVENTOR.

M. DUSSAUD is a young man, but he has been a surprisingly prolific inventor. His name and achievements have figured prominently for the last two years in the annals of the French Academies of Science and of Medicine. He was a laureate of the 1900 Exposition, and now wears the red ribbon of the Legion. A visitor then may expect to see some wonderful contrivances in the private offices of the telephone and exploitation company that bears his name. Walls and tables are crowded with an ordered confusion of wires and coils and tubes and cylinders and all sorts of mysteries, and each with an entertaining story that might be told. Among these the *haut-parleurs* can speak for themselves. There is one of them on the wall, another stands on the table. Some are fitted with a big megaphone-like attachment to help push out the voice. By manipulating the keys of a switchboard you can open or close the circuit with any one or all of the ramifications of the telephone system, and when communication has thus been established with another room, you can hear all that passes in that room and even join in the conversation of the people there if you choose. This naturally leads to the introduction of the *téléphone espion*, or spy, which can be fitted into the wall so that no one will see or suspect it after it is once installed. For all that, it will report at the other end all that is said, whether the gossip of clerks about their employer, or the hoarse whisperings of blood-handed anarchists. The *téléphone inscripteur*, or phonograph attachment, records these secrets more faithfully than the best of stenographers.

A BLESSING TO DEAF MUTES.

M. DUSSAUD has applied the microphone principle in constructing a telephone for the hard-of-hearing. To test this invention, hold the receiver to your ear and have some one talk to you, but naturally, evenly, without any changing of tone or pitch. The voice in the receiver is normal; but now turn the key of the switchboard under your hand one notch, and the voice is at once perceptibly louder. Another notch, and it is louder yet. Complete the semicircle of the switchboard, and you will have the clarion shouting of a Stentor in your ear. You hasten to shove back the key to its original position, and on the instant the bellowing subsides to the genteel, gently modulated tones. It reminds you of the anti-climax of the microscope. You lift your eye from the lens and look at the object itself, and a hideous monster becomes a simple gnat.

In his mastery of the secret of magnifying sounds, M. Dussaud has quite naturally gone a step farther, namely, he has sought to reach the totally deaf. As a result he has been called a benefactor by men who make the betterment of deaf mutes a life's work. His multiphone is not unlike the magnifying telephone just described. It reënforces sounds, and if it is installed in theatres, then the hard-of-hearing can enjoy the play as fully as you or I. But of vastly greater moment is the microphonograph. This is an apparatus designed for the education of deaf mutes. Sensational experiments have already been made with it before the French Academy of Medicine. It is a veritable automatic talker which can be easily operated for the exercise of the hearing sense. Instructors of deaf mutes have for a long time sought a means to attain such exercises, which are essential for the learning of the spoken word and for the recuperation of the dormant organ of hearing. The microphonograph means, therefore, that the education of deaf mutes can now be undertaken and realized on entirely new lines. According to the reports of a prominent scientist before the Academy of Medicine, this instrument really teaches speech, reawakens the unexercised organs, and shows them how to perform the functions intended of them. Thus the organs themselves are in one sense rebuilt, since the performing of the function makes the organ. With a single microphonograph connected by telephones, one professor can give a lesson to many pupils at the same time.

THE WIRELESS TELEPHONE.

PASSING over other marvels of the young inventor, we come back to the telephone, but this time to a telephone without

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wires—wireless telephoning. The agents of communication are the invisible, ultra-violet rays, which he applies by means, first, of two screens for the transmitter, one stationary, the other movable with a vibratory membrane attached; and second, by a vitreous screen for the receiver. An arc light and a quartz lens produce the invisible rays. These are cast on opposing slits in the first two screens; but before reaching the third screen they are intercepted in proportion as the spoken words cause the membrane to vibrate. These interruptions of the rays reproduce the vibration at the receiving end, and consequently reproduce the words. This little laboratory apparatus can carry ten yards without wires, but the inventor holds that the distance can be increased with perfected devices, since the invisible rays can carry very far without noticeable loss of power. This invention is well worth watching.

"Danny"

by

Alfred Ollivant

Author of "Rob, Son of Battle"

Chapter One

Laird and Lady

THERE came a knock at the Laird's door, very shy.

"Who's there?" he growled.

"It's me, Massa," said a timid voice.

"Come in, Me," said the Laird grimly, and swung in his chair.

There entered the Laird's lady, who might have been his daughter.

"I'm not disturbing you?" she asked, and stood against the door, slim and shy and maidenly and with alarmed child's eyes.

The Laird grunted.

"What is it?" he asked.

"O, it's nothing," said the lady; and whispered, "Hush! *do* hush!" to a noise of snuffling without.

"O, show it in!" said the Laird.

"May I?" said she, with leaping eyes, and opened the door delicately.

"Danny!" she called. "Hss! hss! Danny, wee man!"

Busily through the crack there came a sea-gray babe, long and low and battle-jawed; and halted there on a lion's skin, with uplifted head and the shy, delightful dignity of one gentleman doubtful of his welcome at the hands of another.

The gray man eyed him with grim, unwelcoming stare. So he cuddled back into the skirts of his love, and sat down there between her ankles, lifting a long muzzle to adore her with his eyes.

"Isn't he a duck?"

"I've seen uglier," allowed the Laird.

"May I, then?" asked the lady, with

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quick, anxious eyes. "He's a present. Andie Campbell sent him."

"What's young Campbell want sending you presents?" growled the Laird.

"It wasn't a *present*," said the lady quickly.

"Then why d'ye say it was?" asked the Laird.

"I didn't," panted the lady. "Not like a present to *call* a present." She added, "It's a charity, sort of."

"O," said the Laird.

"Like a duty," said the lady, "sort of."

"Indeed," said the Laird.

"You see I'm bound to have him," said the lady, "sort of."

"If you're bound to have him," said the Laird, "why ask me?"

"I don't," said the lady; "I only want to know if you mind."

"I do," said the Laird.

The lady looked at him with filling eyes. "Then you're horrid," said she.

"I can't help myself," said the Laird, unmoved.

"I know," said the lady, with cruel sympathy; "that's why I'm *so* sorry for you. It must be horrid for you to be so horrid."

"Ye see I'm used to it," said the grim Laird, swinging slowly back to his writing.

The lady stood by the door and chewed the end of a baby handkerchief.

"You see," she said, lifting eyes of woe, "if I don't—he's got—to go—in a bucket."

"As good a way as any," said the Laird, writing on.

She looked at the grim back with wounded eyes.

"Don't you care?" she asked.

"Not a finger-flip," said the Laird.

"O," said the lady, and chewed her handkerchief. Mournfully bending, she gathered her gray babe and tucked him away beneath her arm.

"Shut the door when you go out," said the Laird.

The door did not shut.

"It'll be very expensive sending him back all the way to Ardlocket, Massa," said the voice at the door.

"Ye can get Robin to shoot him," continued the Laird.

The light died out of the girl's face.

"Robin can't shoot," she said, resentfully.

"He must try," said the Laird.

"He couldn't hit him," said the lady.

"He must go on till he does," said the Laird.

"Beast!" said the lady, low, and bit home on her handkerchief.

The Laird sat, great of shoulder, grim of back, unmoved, and wrote on.

The lady thrust her hand into her belt desperately and plucked forth a letter.

"This is what Andie says, Massa," she said, with scared eyes.

The Laird swung round, grim and slow as fate. "He has written, has he?"

"Only scrambled a line," panted the lady, roses blowing in cheeks of snow.

"I would wish to see what Mr. Campbell says," said he, and folded great arms.

She marched across the room, all pale, hitching her babe beneath her arm; and offered him the letter.

Grimly he thrust forth his man-paw and took—not the letter but the hand that held it.

"I was only daffing, child," he said, and pulled her down on to the arm of the chair.

"I—I know," she gasped.

"Then why did you——"

"I didn't," said the lady.

"You were just going to," said the Laird.

"I wasn't," said the lady. "And I don't," said the lady; and did.

He put his arm about her, grim, tender man; nursing her as a bear might nurse a broken lily of the field.

"Why is Master Andie going to bucket him?" asked the Laird at length.

"It's because of his eyes," said the lady; her own still downcast, "— partly."

"I see nothing amiss with his eyes," said the Laird, looking.

"It's only his n-n-nonsense," said the lady, still with downcast eyes.

"Let's hear it," said the Laird. "I'm partial to nonsense."

"He's only a boy," said the lady.

"Old enough to be your elder brother, Miss," said the Laird.

"Boys are different," said the lady. "Boys don't grow old till they're elderly." She unfolded the letter reluctantly. "He says:

"'*My dear Marjory, I—I never saw——*'"

"Stop!" said the Laird. "You're skipping. All or none."

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THE LADY AND HER "BABE."

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The lady, pale as lilies, folded the letter. The strong arm about her fell away.

"Tell Robin," said the grim Laird, "I would speak with him."

A moment she sat on the arm of the chair like a shamed child, then looked up, her eyes pleading to be let off, and full of rain.

"Massa!" she begged.

"I mean it," said the ogre Laird.

"Very well," she gulped, "but I'd rather

not." And looked up again and put the letter in his hand.

"Is it amorous?" asked the Laird, not taking it.

"Certainly not," said poor lady.

"Is it revilings," asked the ogre Laird, "of me?"

Poor lady sat dumbly with bowed neck, and plucked threads out of the arm of the chair.

"No, please," pleaded poor lady.

"Does he call names?" asked the Laird.

Poor lady drooped upon her stalk in misery of woe.

"O, *please!*"

"I wait," said the Laird.

"He says," gasped poor lady. "O Massa, you *might* not!" she cried. "I can't! I really can't!"

"Try," said the Laird. "He says . . ."

"'*How is his Dotty—ship?*'" with a rush and a sob it came at last.

"Indeed," said the grim Laird; "How —is—his—Dottyship?' And what might 'His Dottyship' mean?"

"It's sort of slang," said poor red-rosy lady. "It means—sort of—I don't know —sort—of—you know."

"I don't," said the Laird.

Poor lady gulped.

"You might try," she said, catching up a sob.

The Laird's arm stole about her, not untenderly.

"I jalouse," said the grim Laird.

Lady dabbed her nose. Then she looked up. There was rain in her eyes, rain on her eyelashes; and her mouth a rainbow; and she began to talk in April showers.

"You see, he really did like me quite a lot—at least he thought he did—though of course that's no reason—and he was rather bitter about it—and he doesn't understand —and he was sort of—sort of sorry for one —and he thinks I must be lonely."

"So you're like to be," said the Laird suddenly. "What sort of company are the Woman and Robin and me—with our two hundred years between us—for you and your twenty?"

She put her hands upon his shoulders, and looked at him with quick eyes.

"I'm not," she cried. "I'm *really* not. I wish you'd believe that, Massa. I have a *lovely* time; and you're all so sweet."

"Am I sweet?" asked the ogre Laird. "Is the Woman sweet? Sweet and sixty."

"Deb's a duck," said the lady.

"And Robin?" asked the Laird.

"Robin tries," said the lady, and began to gurgle.

"And so Master Andie thought ye needed a playmate, and sent ye the little doag—eh?"

"Partly," said the lady, low.

"And what about his eyes?" asked the Laird.

"That's nothing," said the lady rosily, yet laughing a little.

"Then let's hear it," said the Laird.

"Would you like to?" said the lady shyly, and unfolded the letter. "It's only fiddle, of course," she said.

"Fiddle away," said the grim Laird.

"Well, he says, '*I never saw such eyes outside the head of an Angel and one other, whom I mustn't think of any more. I can't keep the little beggar because of his eyes. They remind me too sadly of the Past.*' ("There

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never was a Past!" murmured the lady.) "'*I can't give him away except to you, for the same reason. So you must either take pity on him, or he must go where I sometimes think of going myself.*'

"Fiddle! That's all the letter," said the lady, firmly, and quickly folded it.

"What about the postscript?" said the Laird.

"The postscript doesn't count," said the lady palely.

The Laird folded his arms.

"The postscript," said the Laird.

"No," said the lady palely; tore the letter into dainty fragments and strewed them on the floor.

"Child!" said the Laird.

"Well?" said his wife.

"Look this way."

She turned on him two eyes of sunburnt gold, tender, clouded, shy.

Long he looked into them, then into a twin pair set in a sea of pearls, and girdled round by a maidenly long arm; and he said to himself and dreamily—

"He has discernment then, young Campbell."

She laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Need he then, Massa?" she begged, shy, pleading eyes close to his own.

"What?" asked the Laird.

"Go to—you know," and nodded.

"It would seem a pity," said the Laird.

"It would be a shame," cried the lady.

"That he shouldn't," continued the Laird, "while he's still innocent."

"He'll never be anything else," said the lady and bowed over her babe.

"How old is he?" asked the Laird.

"Only three months," said the lady.

"Just a match for ye," said the Laird.

She began to jig upon the arm of the chair.

"I may keep him then?" she cried, with leaping eyes.

The Laird reflected.

"It'll save me buying ye a ball," he said.

Radiant she rose.

"O you dear Massa!" she said, and patted his rough head.

"Get ye gone!" said the Laird, and returned to his writing.

"Come then, Danny," she cried and put him down. "Let's leave old Grump! Hss! hss! Danny, wee man!" and away she skipped, alluring him with her skirts; and he not slowly fell upon them and hung like death.

The door shut and opened again.

Two eyes of sunburnt gold with long, shy lids peered round the door, and six inches from the floor, just such another pair, they, too, set in a sea of pearls.

"*Quite* sure you don't mind, Massa?" asked an anxious voice.

"Be off to your mischief," said the Laird.

"Andie's a dear boy and that," said the voice shyly, "and of course I like him like anything; but he's not a Massa."

The door shut quickly; the two pairs of eyes were gone; and without was a turmoil of worryings and little laughter and hushed screams of—"Now look here!" and "You'll tear me!" and "O you little horror!"

. . . . . .

And this was the postscript:

How is his Dottyship? I enclose you a cutting from the "Whitehall Gazette" on him. *The Kirk Militant of Hepburn: a Survival.*

Is it true that you've had to do the longer penance for not keeping your kirks? You stand on one leg, or something, don't you, and you can put down the other leg when you like, but only on a red-hot brick or something?

Is it true his "souls" fall down on their flat faces when he passes, and if they don't he breaks them on the wheel?

Is it true that there's one she-hag and one he-hag to run the place, and you do the washing?

I know it is true that he once killed a man, and wears his skin as a fancy waistcoat.

Is it true you have to sew the buttons on this?

There's a lot more I want to know, but I'll write again soon.

Yours, as of old,
ANDIE.

Chapter Two
Danny, Knight-Errant

IT was a year later.

Marjory stood on the grass before the house—slim wisp of black with swan-neck and naked hair of russet gold; and looked up steadfastly towards the birchwood hanging like a gray bloom on the dark bosom of the moor.

All day there had been rain. Now the evening dropped about her with folded wings; thrilled with the song of birds from the wet woods. The sky was now of a

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pale, shining purity, and above dark-shouldered Lammermore shone a single star.

The rain had passed, but the dews were falling all about her; and still she waited, pure, cold, pale, as the evening; and in her hand a riding-whip.

The door of the house behind her opened. A lean woman, hungry-eyed and very tall, came down the steps of the house, stalked across the gravel, threw a cloak tenderly about the evening shoulders of the other, and then turning vindictive eyes to scan the hill-side:

"Still bloodying," she said. "No sign of him."

"Then you'd better go in," said the lady.

"While you bide," said the Woman doggedly, "I will bide. If you will catch your death, so will Deborah Awe."

"Bide then," said the lady, "and don't babble."

Silently they waited, the gaunt, time-worn woman and lily-fleshed cold lady with the maiden eyes, side by side.

"Never content but when he's killing," muttered the Woman. "In my time I have known many males, and most of them bloody, but I've never known the like of him for it. Herod was a wean to him; Robin's hardly his match."

"We all have our failings," snapped the lady, "and you particularly, Deb."

"And am I away three times since the Sabbath, massacreeing God's creatures?" cried the Woman.

"You would have been," said the other, "if God had made you that way. It's not your fault He didn't."

The Woman stared up at the hill-side.

"I am praying God has seen good to take him," said she, and licked her lips. "He is long away."

The other turned on her.

"You want to see him dead?" she cried.

"If it's the Lord's will," said the grim Woman, "I will make shift to bear it."

"Then you want to see me dead, too!" cried the lady, cold as death.

"He will be the death of you any gate," said the Woman.

"He would die for me!" cried the lady, hot as flame.

"I'd be blithe to see him," said the grim Woman.

"Then it is little you care for me," said the lady, gulping.

The Woman turned.

"And why, then, am I asking you to come in?" she asked.

"Just to worry," snapped the lady. "And I just won't. And as you don't care for Danny, you don't care for me; so I'd rather be without you, so you can hook it."

"Keep me!" cried the Woman. "He might be son to you, the gate ye go on, with a soul to save!"

"So he has," said the lady.

The Woman turned away, and turned again.

"Not but what I would fain that he had a soul," said she. "I would be blithe to think of him in hell."

The lady flashed round on her.

"You horror!" she cried. "*How* I hate you!" and added, "If Danny's not good enough for Heaven, neither am I."

"Whisht! whisht, Missie!" whispered the other, awed. "If His Honour was to hear you."

"Here he is!" the lady interrupted joyfully.

"Where?" said the Woman.

"Just coming," said the lady.

She looked up the hill-side and beheld a

little busy shadow bustling through the dimness towards them.

"It is my Danny," said the lady.

Daniel, son of Ivor, Warden of the Marshes, had come to his full-blown beauty now; and he was beautiful as Absalom.

Broad of chest, broad of brow, with coat of tarnished silver and eyes of love set in a sea of pearls, he looked what he was, the warrior and lover in one.

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To be loved by his lady, and to find a worthy foeman, these were the two passions of the knight in gray. And something of either passion entered into the other. He went forth to War as to the arms of his Mistress, flaming, passionate, fond; and an honorable enemy he loved next only to his lady and his own white honor. And the heathen host—foumart, sweetmart, otter, and tod, and all the lesser outlaws of the wilderness—he cherished like a fond father and waged war upon them everlastingly.

Yet while he smote the heathen, true knight that he was, he succored the distressed—the tame things of the farm (whose Warden he was), and his lady's one-legged partridge, with whom he dealt honorably upon the lawn: for so had she taught him, she of the high soul and aspiring chivalry.

Yet, even so, his bloodiness not seldom brought upon him tribulation and stripes. That very forenoon he had slain in battle the one-horned fallow-buck; him his lady called King Cole because he was such a merry old soul. Now the fight was a fair fight, but the deed was sacrilege: for it was done in the shadow of the house, on the borders of the birchwood, where his lady had ordained that there should be sanctuary for any wild things of the wilderness.

So, beside the dappled corpse of the fallen king, her collar about her ears, the rain dripping from her hair, she had beaten him; and kindled to great anger, had bidden him go home, for she would speak no more with him that day.

So he had gone, trailing miserably through the rain. Nor when she reached home had she found him there; but going forth to hearken, had heard his battle-cry in the mist far away in Lammermore, and knew then that he was slaying among the heathen in a passion of remorse.

That was hours since. Now the rain was over, and in the hallowed evening he was coming back to her, and she awaited him with cold cheeks and riding-whip.

Steadfastly down the hill through the heather he ploughed with the earnestness of purpose and massive swagger of gait peculiar to him; off the hill, on to the lawn, breaking now into a canter, all in tender hurry to be with his lady once again.

"O the innocent!" jeered the Woman. "O the bloody murderer!"

"Come here!" said the lady coldly; but there was no need to call. He came to her feet, gay and grinning with eyes of love, and frankly unafraid.

She bent and clutched her lover by the scruff of his neck.

"Hold!" cried the Woman suddenly. "He has a peace-offering for you."

The lady stooped.

"Keep me!" the Woman screamed. "It's a corp!"

The lady looked.

"He has laid it at your feet!" jeered the Woman. "O the cannie laddie! he bears ye in mind while he's at his bloodying."

The lady bent and picked up the bloody sop. She looked at it, she looked into her lover's eyes; and he smiled up at her, there in the fair face of heaven, because he had made his amend; but she was pale.

"This is different," she said. "Follow me." And Danny's soul died out of him; and he followed her.

"It is murder," said Missie, pale-lipped.

"It is no more murder than usual," retorted the Woman.

"It is," said the lady. "Danny has killed a chicken."

Pale and miserable she marched on her way, and Danny draggled at her heels.

The Woman followed, flat-footed and grim.

. . . . . .

A sound of one running and cursing as he ran came to them.

The Woman turned.

An aged beldam of a man, unbonneted, and with dim ringlets dripping about his face, was stumbling down the hill towards them.

"Where away, Woman?" he panted.

"To His Honor," said the grim Woman, marching at Missie's heels. "The other murderer has killed once ower often. He has killed that you see in Missie's hand."

"That?" cried the old man in grim scorn. "Think you *that* is all?"

"What?" screamed the Woman. "Is there more?"

"Leuk!" said the grim man, and thrust forth a horrible hand.

The Woman stopped dead.

Missie had turned.

"You saw him at it?" she asked, cold as death.

"I did so," said the gleeful old man. "I was in my luck's way."

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"And you let him?" with stinging eyes.

"Who am I that I should hinder him?" asked the meek old man.

"You will come with me," said the lady, and turned on her way.

The old man stared and started in pursuit.

"You're no going to deliver him into the Laird's hands, Missie?" he asked, aghast, and at her heels.

"I am," said Missie.

"Just for a bit massacree?" cried the old man.

"For murder," said Missie. "It was a promise."

The old man drew a deep breath.

"Then," said he, "the Lord pity my man, for the Laird will not. He will hang him."

"He will so," said the Woman. "He is sore on murder, is His Honor."

"He was not that sore on it," said the other bitterly, "when he murdered one himself."

Missie marched on.

"I tell you he will hang him, Missie," cried the old man at her heels, "hang him by his neck—so," and rehearsed it for her, gurgling horribly.

"It would be just," said Missie, pale as lilies.

"It would be just murder!" cried the other.

"He has killed a chicken," said Missie, not to be cajoled; "and that is murder; and Danny knows it."

She looked at Danny; and he was miserable at her feet, and not for the murder's sake.

"Cheek-hen!" cried the old man, with sudden heat. "Cheekhen yourself! She is none of your cheekhens at all."

Missie looked at him.

"The rear-mother of that you hold, and of these in my hand," continued the old man, "was the gray hen; and she was bringing up half her own and half young pheasants. A-well, as Danny was coming down the brae by way of the wood, the canker't old carlin flustered out at him from under a bit bushie, and her brood after her. And so," said the old man, "Danny just took and sent the half of them," said he, rolling his eyes, "Home."

He paused and wiped a weeping eye.

"I don't see—" began Missie slowly.

"Ye will if ye'll wait," said the other. "The half he put to rest," he went on, "was the pheasant half."

"And where's the difference?" asked the lady, cold as ice.

"Where, indeed?" asked the Woman.

"The differ!" scoffed the old man; "is she daft? Why, in the reek of them. The one reeks gamey, t'other tamey. How would Danny ken they was like, as ye may say liars, reekin' gamey yet bein' tamey? If they werena gamey, they'd no cause to reek gamey. 'All that reeks gamey is fair game,' that is how he talked, did Danny. And if you reeked gamey, Missie," ended the courteous old man, "he'd serve you th' same gate."

Missie looked at the sop in her hand, and saw that it was speckled; she looked at Danny, miserable at her feet.

A breath of roses blew upon her cheeks.

"Thank you, Robin," she said, and sighed like a relieved child.

"Will I run fetch His Honor?" asked the Woman, eager at her ear.

"No," said Missie. "It's not murder; it's only manslaughter again. Danny, you old bother, come here."

He came and lay at her feet, meek knight; nor stirred, while she dealt with him faithfully because she loved him much.

The old man turned away: but the Woman watched with glee.

"It is a fine little mother you make to him, Missie," she said, complacently, when it was over.

Missie panted; but Danny, gay at heart again, shook himself and sallied furiously at the yellow cat licking thin lips upon the path as she watched.

"Would ye murder my Jael?" screamed the Woman, and caught up her treasure in her arms. "O," she cried, rocking her darling, "is there no bounds to his bloodiness?"

But Danny was back at the feet of his lady, begging with adoring eyes for her whip, that he might bear it home for her.

So they set off for the house: first Danny, whip in mouth and proud at heart, then his lady, pale still, yet laughing tenderly as she watched her lover swaggering before her, bearing proudly the trophy of his shame; and last the Woman, Jael, malignant-eyed, beneath her arm.

"His Honor will be waiting you and your bloody one," said the Woman, grimly.

Missie turned to her with large child's eyes.

"Don't tell on us, Deb," she begged.

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Chapter Three
That Doag

SHE flitted through the hall like a frightened shadow, and Danny paddled at her heels.

As she reached the foot of the stairs, a harsh voice stayed her.

One hand on the bannister, she turned.

In the door of the Morning Room stood the Laird, great and grim and gray, his short cloak about his shoulder.

"You're late," he said. "Dinner's in."

"I know," said Missie, hovering on the lowest step. "I won't be long, Massa."

"Why be any time?" said the Laird. "I have waited long enough."

Poor Missie looked at the lover at her feet; then looked across at the Laird, with frightened eyes.

"I only just want to wash his mouth, Massa," she said. "He's—it's—it's—not very nice for him—before his dinner."

The Laird looked with thunder-brow.

"So," he said, "he has been bloodying again."

"Only a little tiresome, Massa," said poor Missie with frightened eyes.

"I weary of this bloodiness," said the Laird.

Missie hovering on the lowermost step looked across at the grim man with appealing eyes.

"Don't be cross with us, Massa," she pleaded. "We can't help it; we're only human," and added, dropping fond eyes to the little man at her feet: "It's the naughty ones we mothers love."

The Laird turned.

"Mind," he said, "I will have no murder. If murder is done, I will deal with it."

"Yes, Massa," said poor Missie. "I've promised."

"Killing is killing," said the grim Laird, "and murder is murder—and——"

"And Danny knows the difference," said Missie quickly.

"And well for him," said the grim Laird. "His first murder is his last."

In her room she made him sweet, with tender hands, scolding him motherly the while.

When he was once again himself, he led her down the stairs by the hand, as it were, arming her in to the great hall, gray, tender gentleman in shining silver apparel and with eyes of love.

At dinner he lay at her feet, adoring her with faithful eyes.

"You are not eating," said the Laird.

"All gone," said Missie, showing a clean-swept plate.

"So I see," said the Laird, "to that doag under the table."

Afterwards, when he came into the drawing-room, she was standing over the fire, shivering, pale, a flush of red in either cheek; and Danny sat beside her with lifted muzzle, warming his throat and warrior bosom at the blaze.

"A fire in July!" said the Laird.

"I'm a little sort of shivery, Massa," said she. "Deb lit it without asking me."

He put forth great hands and took hers, and they were hot and dry and lay in his own like fevered lilies in a bear's paws.

"Child," he said, "you'd best get to bed."

"I think I will," she said, "if you don't mind, Massa."

"Tired?" he asked.

"No, thanks," she said, smiling at him. "A little all-overish—sort of—that's all, Massa."

"It's that doag!" snarled the Laird, and looked thunder at the gray man at her feet.

Chapter Four
The Scruples of Deborah Awe

AS she busied herself in her room, there came the sound of flat feet along the passage; then the door burst open and Deborah Awe stalked in.

Missie, pausing in white busyness, looked round with indignant eyes.

"Deb!" she cried. "How dare you?"

"What dare I not?" asked the gaunt Woman.

"Come into my room without knocking!" said indignant Missie.

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"I would ha' knocked," said the Woman, "but for fear ye'd say—'Ye caan't come in.' And as I was just coming in I thought it best to enter first and knock afterwards. There's for ye," she said, and knocked.

"And now you can go out again," said Missie.

"Here I am," said the Woman, her back upon the door, "and here I bide. His Honor bid me see you to bed, and see you to bed I will.—Him here!" she cried, aghast, and pointed at a sedate gray figure on a low rocking-chair before the fire.

"Yes, certainly," said Missie. "Why shouldn't I have my babe in my own room? Heaps of mothers do."

"Babe!" scoffed the old Woman. "Him a babe! That kills more in the day than many a man in a lifetime."

"I don't see what that's to do with it," said Missie tartly.

The Woman dropped a shivering curtsey.

"Have it your own way, ma'am. Only," she sniffed, "I will not bide and see it."

"From the way you go on one might think one was doing something that wasn't —well—nice," said Missie.

"Hear her!" shrilled the woman. "Nice! I ken nothing o' your English nices. They're all of a muck are men and males," the Woman went on, harping. "There is little to choose between any God made that gate. O, the brazenness!" she cried, hitched her petticoats, and tramped forth flat-footed.

Missie's white arm was twining about her ewe-neck, staying her, before she was well out of the room.

"Now, look here!" she said, "don't be an old silly, Deb. Come back and help me, like the Laird told you. I'm *dreadful* tired, Deb," she added, with pleading eyes.

The Woman paused.

"I will bide if you will bid that man-male pack," said she ungraciously.

"O Deb!" pleaded Missie.

"He goes," said the Woman, inexorably, "or I go."

"But he's so good," pleaded poor lady.

"Good!" snorted the Woman. "There is no goodness in any God-made male."

"And he sits like so all the while," said Missie, and pointed at the demure gray figure in the low chair, his face to the fire, and back upon her.

"Well, I will bide," said the Woman, "because His Honor bid me. More," she added, grimly, "I will be near by him, and when he keeks round to spy ye I will bring him such a clout as will gar him keep his eyes private for ever."

So she stayed; and all the while Danny sat, sedate gray figure, his back upon them, nodding because he was weary from much slaughter, nor ever stirred.

The Woman tucked Missie away in bed, kissed her fiercely, and forbade her to stir till she, Deborah Awe, came to her in the morning, and to give a cry if she needed anything in the night.

And Missie lay like a spent lily, curled, and said, "Yes, Deb," and "Thank you, Deb," and "Very well, Deb."

The Woman tramped to the door.

"And Danny?" she asked,

"Leave him, please, Deb."

"I thought His Honor bid him to sleep on the mat without the door."

"Good-night, Deb," said Missie.

The lady and her lover were left alone.

When the flat feet in the passage sounded no more, and all was still, she rose, white-wrapt, and with hushed naked feet stole across to her lover, laughing softly at the quaint, sober figure nodding drowsily in the chair before the fire.

Bending over him, she took his face between her mother-tender hands; and he, dreaming dreams of slaughter and the chase, looked up and beheld her above him, in white raiment with hair like the shadow of the glory to come, veiling her.

"Pray God make Danny not quite such a bleedy boy," prayed the mother, and kissed him on the eyelids tenderly.

He rose and stood, his hands in hers, and lifting a gray muzzle, and shy eyes reverently to adore her maiden loveliness.

"Danny, try to be a gooder boy. Mother not welly well," she whispered, and kissed him and led him to the door and opened it. And there on the mat he curled himself to watch over his Beloved while she slept.

But in the night, guard he never so faithfully, there crept in one across his body whom he did not see; and in the morning there came no long white figure, maidenly and dear, with hair like a shadow of wrought gold, and feet of rose-pink pearls, to peep round the door with sleep-clouded eyes and morning smile to cry her lover greeting.

(To be continued.)

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BELSHAZZAR.

A TALE OF THE FALL OF BABYLON.

By William Stearns Davis.

Illustrated by Lee Woodward Zeigler, with Decorations by John E. Laub.

CHAPTER VIII.

ISAIAH was robed in spotless white. His station at the head of the broad stairway to the lower terrace of the temple-tower raised him full thirty cubits* above the multitude. With the myriads packing the area below, the glittering array of the procession at his feet, the shining crest of the ziggurat towering above, no marvel he was the one figure on which a thousand eyes were fastened. And as they gazed on him, the crowds grew still. Who was this that stayed the hands of Bel-Marduk's own priest, in the gods' own dwelling? Men felt their hearts beating loudly, their breath was bated; and each passed to each the whisper, "Either the Jew is mad, or the spirit of some mighty god possesses him. Let us listen."

The king was silent, Avil-Marduk was silent, and the chiefs of the sacred colleges, the captains of the army. Only the spell of power passing human—every heart was confessing—could make the high priest's words die on his lips, his eyes hang captive on the compelling power sped from the eyes of the youthful Jew.

In profound silence Isaiah spoke. Clear and strong his words sounded across the packed enclosure.

"Woe, woe, woe unto Babylon! Unto the great city, the cry of whose sins is gone up to heaven! Whose evil deeds are uncounted! Woe unto Babylon, and woe to her base priests and baser king!"

Was it not a god that dared to revile the lord of the Chaldees before his face? The silence was not broken. Isaiah spoke again.

"Woe unto Belshazzar and Avil-Marduk, who seek the blood of the innocent for their own dark ends! Whose power is born of treachery and lies! Who spare neither the hoary head nor the guileless maid! Woe unto king and priest and unto all who walk after them!"

Men saw Avil-Marduk turn away his gaze as from a sight of ill-omen. Those near by heard him mutter to Sirusur, Commander of the Host:

"This is a madman! Pluck him down, and end his ravings!"

But Sirusur only stood and stared dumbly, and Avil was impotent.

"Hear ye, hear ye, men of Babylon!" thundered the prophet. "Hitherto the spirt of Jehovah, the Lord God, has sent me to my own people. This day His message is to you and to your sinful king.

"Come down and sit in the dust, O virgin daughter of Babylon! There is no throne left to you, O daughter of the Chaldees. No more shall you be called tender and delicate; therefore take the millstones and grind meal in hard labor. Your vileness and shame shall be revealed; for I, Jehovah, will take vengeance. I will bring the strong races that serve me, and the king that worships me, against you. I will abase your pride. Therefore sit you in silence, and get you into darkness, O daughter of the Chaldees, for never again shall they declare you 'Lady of Kingdoms'!"

By this time the most hardened scoffer felt his knees beating together in dread. The rumor of evil omens that had shaken the city of late, the suppressed excitement of the morning, which all now expected to end in a tumult, the sudden apparition of this Jew, whose arrest had been

* About fifty feet.

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diligently sought—what more was needed to spread a trembling among the thousands? And when Isaiah paused, there came in answer many gasps and cries: "No more! Woe, woe! Heaven is wroth with us, and with our children!" But the Hebrew had not finished.

"You have trusted in your strong walls, men of Chaldea; in Imgur-Bel, in Nimitti-Bel; in the breadth of your rivers. You have filled your granaries, you have numbered your chariots, you have gathered your captains. But I say unto you, except you put away the oppression from your midst, except your king spares the innocent, and turns back his lust from the helpless, and makes end to the captivity of the people of Jehovah—I, even the God of gods—will mock your rage; will bring low your pride; will make a way for your enemies through the deep waters; will go before them; will prevail with them, and give the empire unto another who shall be my servant, who shall execute righteousness towards my people, and judgment towards their oppressor. Thus, thus is the word of Jehovah, before whom Marduk is less than dust, and Istar than hoar-frost beneath the sun at the noonday."

Isaiah had ended. He swept his robe about him, and stood silent, steadfast; neither advancing nor trying to flee away. Whence he had come, Ea the Wise alone might tell. There was stillness one brief instant, till the first magic of his spell had passed. Then, following the impulse already strong in their hearts, and trebly strengthened by the Jew's inspired warning, most of the multitude broke into the howling cry:

"The gods are angry on account of Daniel! Spare Daniel! Spare! Spare!"

The yell was the signal for the loosing of pandemonium. Instantly, with a din redoubled by the strange interruption, the priests of Avil resumed their opposing clamor.

"Death to both Jews! Death! Death! Marduk is enraged! Away with Daniel!"

The two shouts rose in one deafening babel. But in the midst of the din the chief pontiff had made himself heard by the king, and a "ten" of guardsmen sped up the stairs, seized Isaiah, who had waited them in perfect passiveness, and hurried him down to their royal lord. Belshazzar was standing beneath his purple parasol at the foot of the steps, close by the car of Bel. Ramman, spreading the hurricane clouds, was never blacker than the king's face when they dragged the Hebrew before him.

"Kill! kill!" that was all they could hear him shout, striving to be heard above the increasing clamor.

"In what manner?" demanded Sirusur, barely heard, salaaming respectfully. "I wait my lord's command."

"Hew off his head; let the dogs fight over his body!" came from the king in one breath.

"Ah, Jew!" sneered Avil, during a lull; "it would have been better to have been led by me, to have forgotten Jehovah for Bel-Marduk. Will your god save you *now?*"

"If it be His will He can indeed save me!" flashed back Isaiah unflinching. "When my father Shadrach would not bow to Nebuchadnezzar's great statue of Bel in the plain of Dura, did he come from the king's furnace living or dead?"

"Yet by every god you shall die!" was Avil's retort; while Belshazzar still thundered, "Kill! kill!" But Sirusur stood hesitant; for if his lord had cast off the Jew's spell, the general was still under it.

In his fury Belshazzar tugged at the short sword at his side that he might become himself executioner, when a new shout of the people finally drowned his commands.

"Spare Daniel! Spare the good minister! Do not anger heaven!"

Avil's underlings were fairly howled down at last.

"Except the king promise to spare Daniel I look for a riot instantly," remonstrated Bilsandan the vizier in the first instant of silence.

"Better let Babylon flow with blood, be he ten times innocent," blazed the wrathful king, "than I give way to these hissing geese. Khatin ends him to-night."

Avil-Marduk sped to the terrace where Isaiah had taken station, and beckoned in vain for silence.

"Away with him!" roared the crowd, led on by Hasba, the bold priest of Nabu. "Away with the king's evil councillor!"

Belshazzar had mounted to his friend's side.

"Well," cried he in Avil's ear, "Allat has loosed all her fiends! Let sword and spear quiet them!"

"So be it, my king," answered Avil, putting on a bold face, though quaking within.

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Belshazzar turned to Sirusur, commanding him to "fling these snakes outside the temple grounds and tread them to death!"

"And Isaiah?" the general had asked.

"Spare now. We must torture him to learn where that wench Ruth is hidden. Now silence this hubbub."

A hubbub indeed. The people were flinging dust in the air and calling ominously for "bricks." Just as Sirusur had formed his men in a solid body by the stairway, a priest of Nabu drew forth a short sword, and the rest, with their brethren of Sin and Samas, imitated him instantly.

"Down with Avil! Away with Avil, the king's evil councillor!" swelled the shout.

"Charge! Drown out this yell in blood!" commanded Belshazzar. And with this command winging them, the guardsmen hurled themselves on the mob. But Mulis the barber had warned truly—that the king would repent that the soldiers had marched with only their parade-swords. Charging in a solid body upon the disorderly array opposed to them, they had small difficulty in beating down the first rioters they encountered: slew some, arrested others, and drove the whole multitude—rebellious priests and lawless city folk—backwards towards the temple gates. Flushed with their triumph, Sirusur's men even surrounded the car of Nabu, and dragged from his high perch Imbi-Ilu, author of the outbreak.

"Ha, good pontiff," the general had laughed, when two sturdy subalterns haled this arch-malcontent to the exulting king, "you are not like to find this day's sport cheaply bought!"

But even as Belshazzar was foaming and threatening over his captive, the tide of conflict turned. For, led by Hasba, the priests of Nabu rallied to a man to the rescue of their chief. The ranks of the soldiers had been broken as they followed up their victory. And once their solid array shattered, their advantage was gone. The priests and rioters were all around them, almost crushing them with incessant volleys of bricks, and guardsmen as well as the mob were now falling fast. The rioters tore down the copings of the enclosure walls, securing an exhaustless supply of missiles. The troops were brave. They charged this way and that, but every time their companies were shivered into smaller fragments, around which the multitude rolled like the billows of an angry sea. Sirusur was in the act of re-forming his men to attempt a second charge, when a brick smote his helmet, and with a great yell of triumph the priests of Nabu leaped on him, plucked him out of the midst of his men, and dragged him away safe prisoner. The soldiers made one last effort to rally, but with their leader taken, and outnumbered ten to one, they were swept back to the stairs of the ziggurat; and in a moment the exulting priests of Nabu were charging after them, forcing them upward step by step, and making straight for the lower terrace of the tower, where the royal party was stationed. Only when they saw Sirusur taken, had their own peril dawned fully on Belshazzar and his suite. The riot was taking alarming proportions. A new king might be proclaimed ere sunset—who might say?

"Glory, glory to Nabu! to Samas! to Nergal!" a thousand throats were yelling. "Rescue for Imbi-Ilu! Death to Avil!"

The troops, desperate now, turned at bay half-way up the wide staircase, and for an instant their close array of swinging swords made the rioters recoil; but what with the bricks constantly pelting, no men without armor could hold such a position long.

Avil had turned to the king. The haughty pontiff fell on his knees, his face ashen with terror.

"Protection, lord! Save me! Save! They will pluck me in pieces!" And he caught at the hem of his master's robe. But if any had reckoned on Belshazzar's quailing at that dread moment, they did not know the lion spirit within the king, that made him as steeled against fear as against mercy. Atossa had never seen him more kingly, more truly the incarnation of his arrogant, indomitable race, than now, when he leaped upon the parapet of the terrace, and faced that screeching, raging mob.

Three bricks brushed past him in a twinkling, a fourth smote the purple and white tiara from his head, but he would have heeded snowflakes more. And at sight of him, the king, "lord of Sumer and Akkad, who had taken the hands of Bel," even this foaming multitude gave back, and grew quiet. The king spoke to them as to crouching hounds.

"Back, imps! Do you so love Allat that you seek quick voyaging to her? Get you gone, or by the Anunaki, the dread spirits, I swear the kites shall eat you all by morning!"

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A moment of hesitation and silence. "And you, spawn of Nabu," thundered the king, "advance one step further, and the head of Imbi-Ilu, your chief demon, is flung down to you!"

Untimely boast, for Hasba instantly howled back: "Be it so, and we of Nabu swear that Sirusur, the general, dies when Imbi-Ilu dies. Life for life, and death for death!" And to this all the priests answered, "It is so! We hold Sirusur hostage for Imbi-Ilu!"

The king gave a fearful curse. "So be it," cried he in his passion, "but if the general loses an hair, he shall be terribly avenged. Execute Imbi-Ilu this instant!" He had leaped down from the parapet. The bricks were flying again. He repeated his command to Igas-Ramman, the captain now heading the troops, but Igas had salaamed before his lord, saying:

"Live forever, my king! Your slaves, the guards, will die for you; but they will throw their swords away rather than see Sirusur, their leader, sacrificed. We dare not touch the high priest of Borsippa."

"Have you, too, the hearts of conies?" warned Belshazzar. And they saw his hand go to his sword, as if to smite Imbi with his own arm. But the instant he had sprung from the parapet the attack had been renewed. The troops, cowed and ill-led, broke under the pressure, and the volleys gave way; and in a twinkling the rioters were on the first terrace. It was a moment of uttermost danger for king and courtiers. The mob swept all about them. Imbi-Ilu was released from his bonds, and again headed his cheering followers. Avil, whom they sought most, barely saved himself by headlong flight up the next stairway to the second stage of the tower. But there was one who did not fly, and that was the king. Marduk, guardian of his house, cast his shield indeed before him, and saved him, for he was foremost in the press of death; and more than one stout priest of Nabu and riotous burgher howled no more after the royal sword smote them.

Atossa had watched the first moments of the battle with keen delight. The hated Avil, and the scarce less hated king were the assailed; their enemies were her friends. But now that the strife was all about her, she was whirled from her place by a sudden rush of the rioters; an instant more and she was in rough hands, the veil rudely torn from her face, with ten brutal voices crying in her ear:

"Praise Istar! A prize! A prize! Off with her!"

They should have guessed from her dress who she might be; and she declared herself haughtily, but her voice was drowned in the babel. Atossa was feeling herself hurried down the stairway to the temple enclosure, the whole rude scene enacted so swiftly that she scarce knew what had befallen, when suddenly a strong arm was thrusting aside her excited captors.

"Fools!" a loud voice was crying, "are you bat-blind? Release! she is no spoil for you. Wrong her, and you bring Cyrus down on Babylon!"

The hands upon Atossa relaxed, as her seizers stared into the face of the young man, who had awed them so shortly before —Isaiah the Jew.

Why Isaiah had not fled away the first moment he had been left unguarded, who might tell? But present he was, and the mere flash of his eye and tone of his voice sent tremors through the brutish weavers (for they were such) who had threatened Atossa.

"Unhand, all of you," Isaiah was commanding, "or whoever wins will have you impaled! Get you gone, and quickly!"

The men stared and blinked. One fellow, bolder than the rest, stretched forth a hand to seize the Persian again, but he only earned from Isaiah a buffet behind the ear that laid him prone on the pavement.

"Be warned," exhorted the Hebrew, "I am your friend, and the king's enemy; but as Jehovah my God liveth, you shall not do violence to this woman!"

"We meant no harm," protested the leader of the band, cowed and sullen.

"Good then; she is safe in my hands. Go again to the struggle, for, by the Lord of Hosts, Belshazzar is far from mastered."

They were gone, rushed back to the conflict now raging at the foot of the stairs to the second temple-stage, whither the king had retreated with the soldiers. Isaiah caught a dusty robe from the bricks, where it had lain since being rent from its owner's back, and threw it over Atossa.

"Cover your gay dress, and your face, my lady," commanded he, "so none will

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recognize, and I will conduct you back to the palace. This is truly proving a day of deeds fierce and terrible."

Many rioters stared at them, but as soon as they recognized the prophet they made way rapidly, and Isaiah led on unhindered.

Thanks to this half-reverence, half-dread, the two were soon clear of the tumult within the temple enclosure and were threading the city streets. Here everything was nigh quiet as the grave. Sober burghers and shopkeepers had long since barricaded their houses and closed their booths, lest the malcontents turn speedily from sedition to pillage. Once Isaiah led into an alley while a chariot corps from the Northern Citadel thundered past at headlong speed, bearing belated succor to the hard-pressed king.

Isaiah guided the princess westward, past the temple of Nana, and down the great street until they reached the river, the bridge of boats, and that once crossed, Atossa saw before them the stately gates of the palace, within which was her safety.

"Declare yourself fearlessly to the sentries, my lady," said the Jew, "and your danger is at an end."

"And you?" said she, while he turned to leave her, "where is your safety? What may I do in reward for this peril run for me?"

The Hebrew smiled gently. "I shall be scantly welcome in the king's house, I fear. And in serving you I have but repaid in part the debt I owe Prince Darius."

"Yet you must not go without one token. What may I give?"

"Some talisman, then, that shall be known to all Persians to vouch for my truth, if I say I bring word from Babylon of you and of Darius."

Atossa tore a gold locket from her neck. "Take this, then," and she held it out; "it was given me by my father on my last birthday. It is marked with the winged likeness of Ahura the Great. Cyrus and all his lords will recognize."

Isaiah was salaaming again to make farewell, but Atossa had one more appeal.

"Ah, brave Jew," cried she, "if truly the one God leads you—and He must, to let you do the deed you have this day—do not forget my wretchedness here, which you must know. Do not forget the peril of Darius. Swear you will tell all to Cyrus, my father, that he may dash from power this evil king of the Chaldees."

There was a strange light on Isaiah's face when he answered: "Fear not, lady; Cyrus shall hear. And fear not that the one God will forget the wickedness of these servants of stone and brass; for I say to you, He shall turn all their guile against themselves, and shall humble them utterly."

"Alas! brave Jew," Atossa cried at parting, "would to Ahura your faith were mine. My own faith in Him grows weak, but my faith in you, who can dare so much, is very strong."

"Put no trust in me," Isaiah replied, kissing her mantle, "but trust much in the Spirit that moves in me, and in every soul whose love is light and truth."

How Belshazzar made good the tower of Bel-Marduk that day against half of Babylon, how soldiers came at last from the garrison cantonments to the aid of the hard-pressed royal guard, how the king slew his tens and surpassed all his captains in valor—of this there is no place to tell. Only one thing prevented Belshazzar from making good all his threats, and causing the brethren of Nabu to curse the day they had lifted their heads against his power and the supremacy of Bel-Marduk. Sirusur the general was still captive in the malcontents' hands. Let them be pushed too hard, and his life was not worth a shekel. The king raged at his captains, but they were obdurate.

"Rather than sacrifice Sirusur," declared Bilsandan, the vizier bluntly, when his lord gave orders for a final charge, "the soldiers will declare for Imbi-Ilu. The rebels are desperate. We can ill afford a victory that will plunge half Babylon in mourning. It will sow ill-feeling to blossom into twenty new revolts. We dare not do it, your Majesty."

And so the king had been persuaded. The criers had made proclamation, and the decree had been promptly published that his Majesty, out of the goodness and benevolence of his heart towards his subjects, would proclaim amnesty to all who had taken part in the day's riot, from Imbi-Ilu downward. As for Daniel, the king gave his royal word that he should be kept in honorable custody, and no attempt made against

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his life. So on the next day peace reigned in Babylon.

There had been one exception to the amnesty, however. Many revered in secret, but few dared so to do in public, the mad Jew who had delivered so strange a warning on the eve of the riot. Belshazzar had desired to make a notable example.

The next night, as the boatmen warped their barges into the current to drop down the river to Erech, they heard the criers upon the quays, shouting across the water:

"Two manehs* of silver! Two manehs from the king for the body of Isaiah the Jew, alive or dead! Two manehs for Isaiah the Jew!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE seventh day of the month, sacred to the dread goddess Sapanitum, and by every calendar pronounced an unfortunate day. The king had been forbidden by divine law to eat cooked food, change his dress, mount his chariot, or approach an altar for sacrifice. As for his subjects, they dared not, however sick, call in a physician or conjurer lest the wrathful goddess turn the remedies into poison. Nor had they ventured to breathe a curse against the bitterest enemy, lest the malediction be visited upon their own heads. It was a day of gloom and anxiety in all Babylon.

Graver things than the calendar were troubling Belshazzar and his ministers. Yet Khatin, the headsman, who waited beside Neriglissor, at the door of the king's council-chamber, while their betters deliberated within, seemed in an unwontedly merry mood for so black a day.

"I profess, dear priest," chuckled he, "his Majesty's humor has most happily changed since the riot. He orders beheadings by the score; not of whining bandits, but of stout guardsmen and fat temple folk like yourself. By Samas! I shall need an assistant to aid me."

The old "anointer" looked at him out of the corners of his eyes, and sidled away, fearful of too close company, when Igas-Ramman, the captain, burst in upon them on the run, and flew up to the sentry guarding the council-chamber door, almost before the two others knew his presence.

"Hold, friend!" shouted Khatin, a ponderous hand clapping on Igas's shoulders, "your business? The headsman is better than the king. Give him the news first!"

"Allat wither you!" growled Igas, writhing out of his clutch. "Do not stop me! Such tidings for his Majesty!"

"Speak, rascal!" Khatin was thundering, when the door suddenly opened, and Bilsandan, the vizier, admitted the messenger instantly, then slammed it in the others' faces. Those without stared at one another for many minutes, until the door reopened suddenly as before, and Bilsandan called for Khatin by name.

"Your slave waits my lord's orders," began the executioner, gleefully expecting the vizier was going to ask for a head.

"Go with Igas to the chambers of Darius the Persian. There is no time to summon a regular guard; but on your life do not let the prince escape you. He is active and daring. Watch him well."

"Be he strong as Tiamat the dragon," laughed Khatin gruffly, "he shall find me almighty as Bel." Then he strode away after Igas, wondering vainly what this strange summons of the Persian might mean.

Since his arrest Darius had been confined in easy captivity in the tower of the northeast angle of the palace. The king's eunuchs had supplied every physical want; but he had been separated from his suite, and allowed no communication with the outside world. At sight of the royal signet borne by Igas, the subaltern commanding the squad of troops guarding the tower promptly led forth his prisoner. Darius appeared little the worse for his imprisonment. He bore himself haughtily, and was silent when Khatin croaked in his ear, "that, in his opinion, the king was about to have the envoy's throat sundered." In fact, the Persian carried himself so arrogantly, and showed his guards such supreme contempt, that they in turn had come to feel some little awe of a man who dared treat them thus; and they were glad when they had marched their captive into the council-chamber, where Khatin, to his great

* A silver maneh was about forty-five dollars.

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delight, was bidden to remain and witness the scene to follow.

Neither the room nor its company was large. Belshazzar occupied an ivory chair on a low dais. At his right hand two white-robed scribes were ready with clay tablet and stylus to take down all that passed. On other stools facing the dais were seated the coterie of magnates who made up the privy council—Avil-Marduk, Bilsandan, Mermaza, Sirusur the general, and a few colleagues. Behind the king stood the inevitable pair of eunuchs with their fly-flappers. As for Darius, he had been placed directly facing the king; and to the surprise of all he remained standing with folded arms, without any obeisance, during a silence that soon became awkward.

Belshazzar had heavy rings beneath his eyes, as if he had drunk over-deeply the night before, and when he turned to motion to Bilsandan, his hand was seen to tremble. Seemingly, he was deeply moved. Then while the vizier was feeling around for words, Darius broke forth rudely:

"Well, your Majesty, this bullock here"—with a nod towards Khatin—"says you desire my head. By Mithra! I wonder that after imprisoning Cyrus's envoy you hesitate to kill him also."

Belshazzar, by an effort, ignored this taunt, and in uncommon smoothness answered: "Noble prince, few have deplored more than I your nominal imprisonment. I have summoned you here to declare that you are shortly to be set free."

Darius looked gravely into the king's eyes.

"I rejoice to hear it, my lord," said he sternly; "yet more would I rejoice to know how your Majesty will account to Cyrus for this outrage upon the person of his ambassador. A strange story surely to send to Susa!"

"If the noble prince," commenced Avil in turn, speaking gently as if treading on slippery ground, "will deign to listen to his slave——"

"Ugh!" grunted the Persian, turning his back on the pontiff, "what foul *daeva* told *you* how I was to serve the king of the Aryans?"

"Do you speak for us all," Belshazzar nervously commanded Bilsandan.

"May it please the preëminently noble son of Hystaspes," began the vizier also timidly, "there has just come to Babylon a courier saying a second embassy from Cyrus is close to Babylon, and has sent so unfriendly a letter on before it that we are fain to ask my lord to explain it to us."

"Ha!" They saw the prince's lips curl in half-suppressed triumph, but he demanded: "And what proof, wretched oath-breakers, have you to lay before me, a prisoner, that you are telling me one morsel of the truth?"

Bilsandan flushed, but tried to keep his temper.

"Believe me, my prince, we have nothing to gain by concealing anything. We had expected no new embassy from Persia so quickly. Now all unwarned comes Igas with tidings that Gobryas, the general of Cyrus, is within a hundred furlongs of the city. And doubtless if he is not persuaded to alter his mood, as shown in his letter, we fear Cyrus, your master——"

"Will take swiftest vengeance on Belshazzar, lord of Babylon, and all his guileful race!" shouted the Persian, triumphing at last. Then with a step straight towards the king, for he had not been fettered, he shook a knotted fist in the royal face. "Give me the letter, the letter," he commanded, "or, as Ahura reigns on high——"

So fierce was his passion, that for the moment king and council quaked before him. It was Belshazzar himself who commanded, "Bilsandan, give him the tablet." So Darius was suffered to take it, and read:

"*Gobryas, servant of Cyrus, king of Persia and of the Aryans, to Belshazzar sends greeting:*

"Know, O King, my master has sent me to inquire into the strange tales that have come to his ears touching his former envoys, and their treatment. Why have their couriers been halted when bound for Susa? Why does Belshazzar negotiate with Pharaoh Anasis, Cyrus's foe, and gather soldiers in time of peace? Why does he speak 'peace' with his lips and in his heart weave war? I have come to demand an answer of you, O Belshazzar; do not think to hinder my return. For if in twelve days I come not back to Susa denying the tales of treachery, the hosts of the Aryans are in arms. Farewell."

Darius turned again to Belshazzar. His smile became yet haughtier. "Your Majesty," declared he, "the meaning of this letter is plain as the moon on a cloudless night, yet doubtless the worthy Avil is ready with his serpent's craft. Look to him, Bel-

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shazzar, for escape from a net of his own making!"

But the king in turn had put on his arrogancy, and spoke back in wrath:

"Have a care, bold Persian. You are utterly in my power. I did not send for you to have you revile me to my face."

The prince only stood more proudly than before.

"Well said, my king; I am summoned here to aid these wise Chaldeans in devising an escape through the blasting of their own plots. I am to yield myself a tool to Avil-Marduk and his fellow-crows. I am to excuse my own letters of warning, letters which it is plain escaped your spies and guards, and reached Susa safely. I am to profess to Gobryas and Cyrus, 'I was mistaken. The stories are false. Trust Belshazzar in all things!'"

It was as if he had taken the words out of the king's own mouth. All the council stared at him. "And if not?" he demanded, suddenly stopping.

"If you will not," threatened Belshazzar blackly, "prepare to die. We know a Persian's word can be trusted. Once give your pledge you will explain away everything——"

Darius almost shouted his reply:

"And I know that it would be better to groan in 'The Land of the North'* for years uncounted than to put trust in *your* word. From your own mouth I know how your oaths are sworn only to be broken, how you have prated 'friendship' in my ear, and all the while plotted death. Therefore take my life. I do not fear to cross the Chinvat Bridge, and stand before the throne of Ahura. But rest assured, Cyrus will wreak full vengeance!"

When Darius ended there was silence in the council, for every man knew they had laid hands on a monster, equally dangerous to release or to retain.

"And what, then, would my lord have us do to preserve the peace?" faltered at length Sirusur, the commander.

"Let your king send an embassy in sackcloth to Susa to confess his fault and declare his penitence. Let him send to Cyrus the head of Avil-Marduk, chief begetter of these falsehoods. Let him send me back safely with the Princess Atossa, and present my king with a great treasure. Finally, let him throw down two furlongs of the city walls of Babylon, to show he meditates no war. Do thus, and you preserve the peace; and thus only."

Belshazzar had risen on his throne.

"Let us have an end to this," cried he darkly. "I see the prince's wits have been blasted, or else he has fallen in love with death. Hale him away, clap him in the lower dungeon, double-fetter, and let him prepare to die!" Darius neither salaamed nor gave other sign when his guards stepped beside him to lead him away. Having delivered himself to the council, he became silent as a stone idol.

When the prisoner and his escort were gone, there was yet again stillness in the council. When presently the storm broke out, it was upon Avil.

"Cursed are we, priest," growled Bilsandan in his beard, "for listening to your counsels! It is you that poured the oil on this fire, and brought the first spark. It is you that advised the sham treaty, you the arrest of the envoy!"

"Aye!" shouted Sirusur, the commander, "and having lit the blaze, most manfully did you stay to see it burn! While I was risking my life in that mob, all say the valiant high-priest was cowering like a cornered hare."

But it was the king who terrified the pontiff most, for though Belshazzar spoke not, Avil-Marduk saw his eye fixed on him, full of that cold menace which he knew well had preceded a curt command to Khatin.

"You may speak, Avil," remarked Belshazzar at length, his tones icy as a blast of the north.

But the courage of Avil-Marduk, if not that which might carry unblanching through the ragings of a hostile multitude, was yet courage after its kind. He had turned pale in the face of the furious rioters, but he was steadfast before the hostile council and angered king.

He rose and addressed Belshazzar almost as haughtily as had the Persian.

"Do you well, my Lords Bilsandan and Sirusur, to revile me?" retorted he hotly. "Am I not a man of peace? Is it my business to see that the royal guard does not fly like sparrows, at the yells of an unarmed mob? As for this coming of the second embassy, who save Anu and Ea could know that a letter of Darius could pass through

* The Persian "Hell," conceived of as in the extreme north—a land of pitiless cold.

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our watchers—so many were they—even had some foul demon whispered the truth in the Persian's ear? I am not a god, your Majesty; but what human wit has done, I have done also."

"But human wit," quoth Belshazzar grimly, "has not sufficed to avert an issue with Cyrus. What are we to do now, my dear pontiff?"

When the king became affectionate, men said he was not far from ordering an execution. Avil knew his danger, but he only let his voice rise higher.

"O King Belshazzar!" cried he, "Bel-Marduk, the sovereign and guardian, god of Babylon, even he and none other it is that has set you upon your throne of Sumer and Akkad. Did he not clothe you with power that he might bring all nations in subjection unto you? That the gods of the Persians, and of the Medes should be brought low before the power of his servants? Is Cyrus the first king who has raised his head against Babylon? Where is Sin-shar-ishkun the Assyrian? or Zedekiah the Jew? or Necho the Egyptian? Gone, all of them. Their gods have brought them no help, but Bel has fought for his servants. And will you now, King of Babylon, distrust the god that has protected you so long? Will you cringe to this Ahura of the Persians, that it may be taunted in every nation, 'Bel of Babylon is subject to the god of Cyrus the barbarian'? The gods one and all forbid that Belshazzar should do this thing! Let him be strong. The guardians of Babylon shall yet show how much mightier they are than the weakling spirits of the Persians, before whom also the spiritless Jews shall whine in vain."

The priest paused a moment. The swift rush of his speech had borne away all the hesitancy that had risen in the heart of his lord. Avil went on boldly.

"Trust the strong walls of Babylon, my king. They can mock all Cyrus's thousands. There is yet time to assemble a great host. The warriors of Chaldea have not all waxed cowards. Meet the Persian fairly in the field, and if fortune there fail, Imgur-Bel and Nimitti-Bel will not fail. There is provision inside the walls for a siege years long. Before many months the Aryan hosts will be dissolved for lack of forage. Revolt will kindle in Cyrus's provinces. The Pharaoh will take arms. Be bold, and the gods will bless you. I speak not of myself, for is the King of Babylon a dog that he should submit to the commands of Cyrus or his envoys? Take my life, if so your Majesty will; but bow the knee to the Persian?—never!"

The king's eyes were flashing. He had risen again on his throne.

"And the high priest counsels well!" cried Belshazzar, doubting no more. "We will put the might of Bel-Marduk to the test! Bel-Marduk who rules forever against the god who might not save Jerusalem to his servants, who shall not now save them Susa. In Darius we have a hostage that will make Cyrus hesitate long before taking the field against us. Away with all fears, my lords. I, the king, have spoken, and my word is 'war'!"

That same day there went a letter to Gobryas, the new Persian envoy, who had just arrived outside the city, bidding him return to his land with all speed. "Belshazzar," wrote the Babylonian vizier haughtily, "would not receive any embassy sent on so unfriendly an errand as this. The king would make due explanation to Cyrus for the detention of Darius; but if Cyrus would not accept it, let him be warned that the first hostile move on his part would be followed by the execution of the son of Hystaspes. And in the war that might ensue Belshazzar would shun no issue."

That night also an order went forth for the arrest of Imbi-Ilu, chief priest of Nabu, on the ground that he had violated the terms of the amnesty, and was conspiring against the king; but the next morning found all Babylon astir with the news that the threatened pontiff had already fled to the Persians outside the walls. Gobryas had taken no risks of detention. The instant the letter of Belshazzar reached him he had started straight homeward, outstripping any chance of pursuit, and rumor had it that besides Imbi-Ilu, the Jew Isaiah had likewise fled the city and escaped with him.

(To be continued.)

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THE SEAMSTRESS.

By Katharine Holland Brown.

SHE skims up the long Fort hill before we have finished our early breakfast, her "Bonjour, Madame; hé, bonjour, M'sieu," trilling through the hall like the voice of her brother the brown thrush without. One pictures many maids in tincts of blossom; her beauty is that of a noble fruit, not quite ripened, perhaps, but exquisite in its promise. Her brown eyes, heavy-lidded and shy, flicker with warm gold lights; her cheek crimsons swiftly beneath its velvet olive.

"Merci, Madame. Non, you needn' détresse you's-se'f 'bout me; come the time I ain' able to choose my own chair an' hunt my own thimble, then it is fitting that Rosite, she mount on the she'f an' she remain there. Non, Madame, that hour ain' *quite* arrive yet. But I is goin' suggest to you that my birfday is return' in eight day', on the morning of Saint Aloysius. An' how ole is I goin' be? Nineteen, Madame. For certain, that is offle ole.

"What is I goin' do, that day? Mos' like as always, Madame; my moder, she will cook one gran' dinner, wis hot fish pie an' the li'l cakes of citron, an' perhaps of ice-cream; qui sait? An' my sister Nini, she will come home from the Mainland, an' Angéle, also, which is work for Madame Norreys, an' we will have one big visit. Gay time? Ah, it won' be so offle gay. An' why not? B'en, Madame, *I* don' know."

Perhaps there is a shade less sparkle beneath those glooming lashes; the pomegranate glow burns not so bright to-day.

"Tired? Surely not, Madame; I is on'y sew two day' this week, an' that is for Mère Droussaint, up St. Ignace. For sure, that is not so easy work; Mère Droussaint, she is that difficile! She is got piles an' piles of cloth, lace which is of her chest of dower, an' silks mos' bootiful, an' so many! She kin make gif' of a robe of silk to ev'body in Mackinac when she die; mais—*Saprie!* Don' you set you's hopes too high, Madame; mos' like she is have 'um bury wis her, ev' one, if she kin fin' a box what's big 'nough; 'e ole stingy! 'Rosite, don' you cut dat ribbon. Rip her off, an' fin' a littler piece.' 'Rosite, don' you waste dat lace, now; they ain' anozzer piece like it this side of the worl'.' 'A-a-h, R-Rosite! If you is cut dat velvet, I is goin' cut you's pay. You hear me?' Vraiment, Madame, you is ver' quick tired of you' life if you mus' live it 'longside of her. Jus' wait till I is have velvet what is mine own. I is goin' cut it in fringe, an' sew it to the bottom of mine skirt. That's me.

"An' the week 'fore that, I is sew for Madame Norreys. She is ver' nize person, on'y she is worse scare' that her close ain' goin' please M'sieu than Mère Droussaint is scare' 'bout her velvet. She show him ev' li'l thing we do; an' him nossing but a man! He is cock he head, an' pull he beard, an' talk 'way down in he froat; an' when he is finish', you know jus' what you is know when he is begin. An' such eye! For sure, it is not right that one should expect much; but, Madame, he is tell her one day that of all bootiful things, the mos' bootiful is the tail of a peacock; an' what you s'pose she is done then? She make me sew li'l fezzers of the peacock all over front of the new waist I is make for her, because that it will please him. For sure, it is please him that she is do as he is request'; he is go roun' wis he head higher than the ole peacock he'se'f; but if dat waist ain' look crezzy! My!

"Then the week 'fore that again, I is sew for Miss Adelaide, her which is come all the way from New York for make pictures up Bois Blanc. Certainement, that was ver' funny. Miss Adelaide, she ain' do nossing like mos' people; when she is firs' arrive', she is hire ole Onc' Petaire for take her an' her trunk over to Bois Blanc in he sailboat, instead that she go in the ferry. It is come a big calm, so Onc' Petaire haul out he pipe, an' Miss Adelaide, she think he look ver' interessing, so she get her li'l pencil, an' she begin make he portrait. *B'en*, you know how it is wis Onc' Petaire, Madame. They is say he is one time gone to sleep in Confessional; he don' want no better excuse now. Firs' ting, he is drop off like a li'l beby, an' Miss Adelaide, she is mos' tickle' to death. She draw, *an'* she draw, an' she that innocent, she don' know it's a squall when she see 'im comin'. Onc' Petaire, he is wake up when the firs' flaw strike the sail, but he ain' wake quite early 'nough. They is tip over like a basket 'fore he kin shorten sail, an' Miss Adelaide's tings is s'prise the fishes 'fore you kin twink you' eye. Course Onc' Petaire he is grab her an' hol' her up tel anozzer boat is come take 'um aboard; but her nice close is los' complètement, an' the nex' day she mus' sen' for me to make her some more. An', Madame, you needn' bleeve me; but she is geev dat ole rascal ten

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dollar for save her life! She ought have seize the sail-boat for pay for these close.

"B'en, it was nize 'nough for me, on'y she is ver' curious 'bout some ting. She is take her book an' her pencil, an' she go out in the woods, or mebby down to the beach, an' she sit there all day; an' I tell you, Madame, you don' come speak to her twice, lessn' the house is burn down. Firs' day I sew for her I don' know that; I is cut out a waist, an' baste it togedder, an' then I run out an' call her to come, so's I kin try 'im on.

"Prett' soon I fin' her, all cuddle' down in a li'l corner of the beach. She ain' move till I is ver' close; then she look up, an' her eye shine like fox-fire.

"'Rosite, you have my measurements,' she say. 'What more?'

"'How's I goin' make 'um fit, less'n you is try 'um on?' I tell her. For sure, Madame, I is on'y brave 'cause I is so big a fool.

"'Try 'im on Fazzer Antoine!' she say. An' her mouf shut togezzer like a mink trap. An' I ain' remain' for see it snap open again.

"But I know it ain' no use for hask her any more; so I is hunt up Mère Forgon, an' coax her to put 'im on, so's I kin see how 'e's goin' appear. But—Oh, Madame, if you is on'y there when Miss Adelaide is put 'im on! The sleeves is reach her ailbow, the collar won' sit up, the back is split 'fore she hook 'im togezzer. Miss Adelaide she ain' scold; she jus' laugh like she's goin' die, an' she promise she's goin' try on ev'ting after this, early, 'fore she is gone to draw. An' she keep her word; but I is have to beat the morning those day."

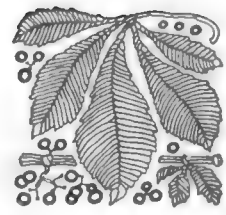
"Did you row home every night while you were sewing there?"

The traitor color stormed to her drooping lids. "Yes, Madame. Onc' Petaire is bring me ev' night, when he is gone back from the fishin' ground. It is ver' nize of him to do so, n'est-ce pas?"

"Onc' Petaire! Why, Rosite, what has become of Honoré?"

Rosite clutched her work with fingers of steel. "Oh, he is laze' 'roun' the islan' somewheres," she answered sweetly. "You is waste you' time, if you stop to tink 'bout him, Madame. Oh, yes, I know what all the islan' is say, that we is betroth'; but that betrothal, it is what you call jilt', Madame; vraiment, it is been jilt', entièrement. When I tell Honoré I is goin' take 'im, he know I mean take him *all*. I ain' goin' permit that half of him is court' me while the ozzer half is make the soft eyes to thees Kitty Finnegan; I ain' intend that he is dance one foot wis me while the ozzer is ache for dance wis Marcelite Ronné. If I marry, I is goin' marry one whole man; *I* ain' goin' choose what thees ozzers is pick over!"

One may as well try to calm the lake beneath the roar of the September gale.



"Non, Madame, I ain' goin' forgive him. Never no more. He is tease all the fam'ly to speak for him; he is leave roses in the window an' fish on the doorstep; I ain' goin' have them nor him. He kin take he flowers to Kitty. He kin feed he fish to Marcelite.

"An' it ain' goin' break he heart. Nossir! You can't break leather that easy. Good? A-ah, yes, I is toujour' h'unnerstan that he is good. I hear that ev' place I go. He is take care of he moder since he is nossing but enfant, they say; he is nurse he ole fazzer; he keep he sister in school. Dat's all ver' well. An' what is I care how good he is, if he ain' goin' be good to me?

"Firs' time he is treat me so is las' full moon, when we is have our big dance over to St. Ignace. He is make me promise not to dance wis anybody 'ceptin' him; an' there, firs' thing I know, I is see him hop off wis that Marcelite, what so slim she ain' dare bend, 'fear she break; they is look like two cranes waltz togezzer. Course I ain' goin' stan' that. I is cock my eye to Jawnny Leroi, an' is come cross'n' the room like you pull 'im on a wire. We is waltz togezzer; then I make two turn wis Gabriel Thoré, then Toni Gouhenant. Oh, I is keep that ball roll, I kin tell you! Prett' soon Honoré, he is begin lose interes' in that dance; he is hang roun' after me, an' he eyes look 'zif they goin' drop out of he head. Ev' place I go, there is he, wis he mouf like a new moon.

"Me, I'll nev' have such good time as that night. I is have partners twice over for ev' dance. *I* ain' goin' be trample on like that, Madame; not me!"

"But, Rosite, you must have done something in the first place——"

"Madame, I ain' done nossing. I wouldn' nev' do anysing 'tall for vex him. That Marcelite is come past, an' I jus' say, 'Hé, Honoré, you is that scare' for make you'se'f ridicule, you don' dare waltz cross'n' this room wis Marcelite. Jus' cause she is taller as you, an' you's 'fraid they'll say, 'Voilà, Mamzelle Crane an' M'sieu Crow!' An', Madame, he is that insolent, he is jus' go an' do it right h'under my eyes. You tink I'll stan' it? Nossir. He needn' hask me again. Pas de tout.

"Madame! *Oh*, Madame! It—it's Honoré's li'l fish-wagon, an' he's stop right at the gate! Don' let 'im in, Madame, please. I tell you I ain' goin' see 'im. Mon Dieu, Madame, don' go way! *Don'*, je t'en prie!

"Nossir, I ain' goin' speak wis you! Not one li'l word. You is go laugh wis those ozzer girl; you is shame me 'fore my friend'; you— Nossir, I ain'—goin' —stan' it. You is mos' break my heart—you don'—care—'tall—. An' I ain' love you—I *won'*. Never no more. An' don' you dare—touch me. Nossir! I—Oh, Honoré! Honoré! . . . You—you stop thees minute. Madame—might see."

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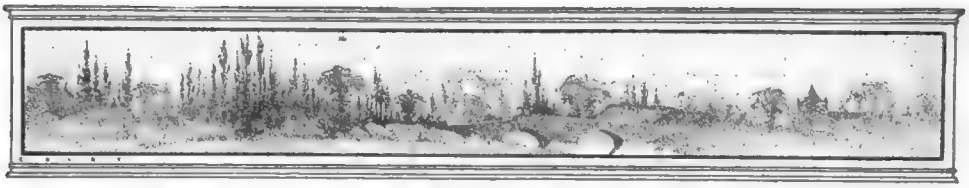

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR UNTRAINED WOMEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A LIVING OR ADD TO THEIR INCOME.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes to print all the *practical* suggestions possible for women who wish to make money. The "business woman" has innumerable avenues open to her nowadays, but thousands of untrained workers, often with domestic cares, are utterly unable to find a market for their services unless shown how to go about it. Many practical *ideas* have been received in competition for a prize which is awarded in this issue. An announcement of a further prize for the *carrying out* of the accepted suggestions will be found on page four of the advertisements.

The editors will be glad to hear from any one contemplating a trial of the suggestions published in this department.

The attention of home-workers is called to an important article on page 318, the first of three by Miss White, giving full instruction in the art of Basket Making.

THE AWARDING OF THE PRIZE.

OUR self-imposed task in selecting from the many ideas submitted those which will, when put into active operation, yield speedy returns with practically no investment, has led us to choose as most worthy of the prize offered the first and best of a number of suggestions for the amusement and care of children. Mrs. L. A. Tuxill, of Auburn, New York, is the recipient of this prize of fifty dollars. To select a plan which is universally practicable is almost impossible. But that there is great need of relief to weary mothers, in the country and in the city, is proved by many communications received on the subject, and by many duplicate "Ideas" dealing with the child-care. Mrs. Tuxill's plan is *The Entertainment and Care of Small Children*. We do not expect everyone to agree with us in our selection, but trust it will prove its own superiority by an immediate and widespread trial.

THE ACCEPTED IDEAS.

Continuing the list of those whose ideas are considered worthy of publication, we take pleasure in giving the following names of contributors, each of whom has received five dollars, as offered in previous numbers of the magazine: Sarah Rodney, Mrs. H. M. Kingery, Frances A. Adams, Elizabeth Hague Lincoln, "A Woman Upholsterer," Mrs. George W. Ogilvie, Mrs. J. H.

THE ENTERTAINMENT AND CARE OF SMALL CHILDREN.

ANY woman, of whatever age, who loves children and has a room in which to entertain them, may carry this novel occupation on with great success. A plainly furnished room, without a carpet if can be, is the best for this purpose.

Children from four to eight years of age may be taken for perhaps two, three, or four hours at a time while the mother goes shopping, rests, or attends to special home duties requiring her undivided attention, etc. For this service five cents an hour may be charged. I would suggest morning hours, from nine until twelve o'clock, and in the afternoon from two until six o'clock. Never should they be allowed to stay during meal times unless by special arrangement. When it is taken into consideration that ten or fifteen children may be entertained at once as easily as one, the work begins to look as if it might pay. It is the people of moderate means who do their own housework or whose servants are incompetent who will make this plan possible, since they are glad to know their children are in good hands and well cared for. If the child is too small to be trusted alone to go to his "foster mother" it should be the parent's duty to conduct him both ways. The entertainer's duties would then commence on his arrival and cease with his exit from her house.

She might have cards printed if she wished to go into the work extensively at first; if not, written ones will do as well, thus:

MISS MARY DOANE,
CHILD ENTERTAINER,
Hours: 9 to 12 A.M., and 2 to 6 P.M.
Address in full.

These should be delivered personally in homes of moderate means where there are children of the right ages. Your first customer should be a friend or neighbor, if possible, who will recommend you to her friends. Mothers who have become acquainted with you will be more likely to send their children to you than they would if you were a total stranger. If the children are enthusiastic on returning home it will be a good advertisement for you, as one woman will tell another, and the children themselves will spread the news. If there are women's clubs in your town, the members

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will undoubtedly be interested in your cards. Ministers will also hail an opportunity of aiding their parishioners to find time for church work. Do not hesitate to let your work become known. Saturday and Monday morning will perhaps be found the best days, as all women who do their own work will appreciate. If you have children of your own old enough to help it will be of great benefit to your enterprise.

There are hundreds of good ways of entertaining the children. You might read some interesting story, the smaller ones building houses with blocks, toothpicks, etc. All children like to string beads. The large and small wooden beads in six different colors cost about forty cents a gross, and may be strung on fine wires and bent into numerous queer shapes. Paper cutting is another good amusement. Colored papers—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet, and white—five inches square, on purpose for kindergarten cutting, cost fifteen cents a hundred. A book called "Paper and Scissors in the Schoolroom" may be bought for twenty-five cents. This will give you ideas for the little ones. Then there are cards stamped with designs and perforated for little ones to work with silk; these cost thirty-five cents a hundred for the smallest size and a dollar for the largest, four sizes in all. Coarse embroidery silk may be bought for ten cents a spool in all bright colors, and lasts a long time. Twenty-five large needles will be enough, and they may be had for ten cents. Cheap pad paper, unruled, may be used to draw on with colored crayons. Slates are also a fascination for the young. Instead of buying your cards you might make them in spare time (here is where your children will be useful). Get a few sheets of bristol-board and cut into squares any desired size; then draw or trace upon each square some design—a square, circle, oblong, etc., to begin on; then cups, pitchers, and such designs later. Prick holes along the lines, about a quarter of an inch apart, for the children to use as their needle-holes when working with silk. You may take fancy paper and cut into small squares, circles, oblong, triangles, etc., and let them make designs of these by laying on some flat surface. If you can afford it, a blackboard will amuse your "clients," and will also prove valuable to you to keep track of their names and "time." Soft-colored cheese cloth can be used for "dressing up," and penny pictures or pictures from magazines fastened to the wall, to tell stories about.

These are a few suggestions; any woman accustomed to children can plan a great many ways to amuse them. Of course the same thing must not be used each day, as it would soon grow tiresome.

It is best to have each child or his guardian pay for each day's keeping; this will do away with accounts. If this cannot be done, the service should at least be paid for weekly. Each child should be known and made to feel at home. Never should the foster-mother lose her gentle manner, and her smile should seldom be absent. The little ones will soon feel at home and enjoy being left with you, but *don't* make the mistake of fondling the sweetest ones or caring for one more than another.

MRS. L. A. TUXILL.

To Mrs. Tuxill's suggestion the editors wish to add a few words. It will undoubtedly be possible to develop this plan into a remunerative business, and a large one. But to do this the "Professor of Play" must make it her duty to become personally *known* to the mothers, and remove the impression of a "Charitable Day Nursery." The prices charged for work of this sort can be elastic to suit the community; suggestions on the subject have been received from two cents to twenty cents per hour. When once the business is thoroughly established and assistants needed, it will be possible to rent hourly services to convalescents or invalids, to exercise children regularly, to conduct them to and from school, and to provide care for the little ones at home in the evening or overnight, when the parents are taking recreation or are suddenly called away. There should be a place for a "business" of this kind in practically every village or town in the country, and many openings in the cities. Even farm districts, if not too "poor" a section, will offer openings—but not as attractive, for distances are so great, and farmer's wives are, as a rule, so used to "managing," that they do not know how to let others help them.

PALMISTRY.

"In every rank great and small
'T is industry supports us all."

I KNOW a girl who has taken up the subject of palmistry as a profession. It was a fad at first with her, as with a number of her school friends. But she never seemed to tire of the subject, and it became her hobby. She gladly gave her services for the pleasure it afforded her friends and her friends' friends.

A friend appointed herself agent in the palmist's behalf, and gave a reception. The palmist was an invited guest, and was asked to assist in entertaining, by reading hands. It was novel, an innovation, and the guests enjoyed it. Her services were appreciated to the tune of a crisp ten-dollar bill. That part of the reception was so successful that the different women's clubs found that a bright, merry palmist was just what was needed sometimes, to top off an afternoon, before the ices and coffee were brought in. There were requests for her services at house entertainments of all kinds. People were glad to pay, and pay liberally for her work when once it had been introduced.

"Every person has two educations: one which he receives from others, and one more important, which he gives himself." This girl taught herself palmistry and finds it remunerative.

JESSIE GROOVES.

"SMALL LIVERY."

IN towns where distances are great and there are sometimes few accommodating street-cars, many a woman, possessing a short purse, owns a horse and buggy, or perhaps a surrey. A great many of that woman's friends have no way of getting about, except by walking.

It seems to me that the woman in the first case has a splendid opportunity to make a tidy little sum out of the woman in the second case.

The woman who is the fortunate possessor of the horse and buggy should let it become known among her friends that she is prepared, for a certain small sum per hour, to drive them about, either to make their calls, do their shopping, sight-seeing, or simply for afternoon pleasure drives; or if it be a suburban place, meet them at the depot on their return from the city, and convey them home with their numerous bundles.

Many women in small towns have friends living on surrounding farms, and their visits are limited to perhaps one or two a year, when they indulge in the extravagance of a livery-stable outfit.

Weary marketers will no doubt be glad to take advantage of a comfortable surrey at ten cents, rather than a car at five, if one makes known her desire to carry them the few blocks they have to travel; and three at once means thirty cents. On rainy days, a half-dozen trips in a morning might be made with considerable profit.

The enterprising woman who undertakes this business should be most discreet in the use of her tongue,

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as her patrons are apt to become confidential on long drives. She should provide some occupation for herself while her customer is paying a call, or wait outside, as in most cases it would be inadvisable for her to call with her customer, unless they are all strong friends.

In the course of a few weeks such a woman would, I am sure, have as many customers as her time and *horse-flesh* would allow.

HILDA COURTHORPE.

PREPARING FOR DRESSMAKERS.

I WISH to suggest an occupation by which an untrained woman can make a city living; one that calls only for ordinary common sense and care, and a few simple tools. It is to go out by the hour or day, and prepare garments for the dressmaker to remodel; to rip them carefully, remove every *vestige* of a thread, free them thoroughly from dust, clean out such spots as do not call for the services of a professional cleaner, press the goods; in short, to so prepare them that the dressmaker can begin her work without any delay. A bright woman will find many ways in which to improve her services and render herself invaluable to her employers. Such work calls for extreme care in every portion of it, for the garments must be in no wise injured during the ripping, cleansing, and pressing. It should command a dollar a day and meals, or twenty-five cents an hour. The work could also be done at home. The tools necessary to carry are two pairs of scissors—one with very sharp edges and round points, the other with sharp edges and *very* sharp points; and a ripping knife, of which there are several kinds on the market. Two dollars or less will cover the cost of first-class articles, the *only* kind to be considered, when buying edged tools.

HATTIE M. NAWN.

THE TRAVELLING MILLINER.

PLANNING my winter outfit last fall—the cost, etc.—I thought if I only had the gift of trimming hats, possessed by a certain friend, I could save considerable money. The more I thought it over the more I saw a splendid chance for some one so gifted. A number of hats could be trimmed or made over in a day; two or three certainly in a morning or afternoon. If you have the "gift," let people know (by cards or through friends) that you will call at their homes and trim, retrim, or make over hats and bonnets, and press, freshen and clean ribbons, velvets, laces, etc. Charge, say, $2.00 for a morning or afternoon. There are a great many women, I am sure, who would be delighted to have some one come in, take the old trimmings and freshen them up, and, combined with the new, make several pretty hats. It would certainly be a blessing. There are many pretty untrimmed hats in the stores, and many beautiful trimmings one would buy if only a "Home milliner" were procurable, to save expense.

This plan would undoubtedly work well in a small town or large city.

MRS. ROBERT J. CORY.

PROFESSIONAL BATHING.

ONE afternoon, a woman whose husband had met with an accident which left him almost helpless, called on an old school friend who had married well, and whose four small children were delicate and troublesome. The nurse had left, for she was careless of the little ones and did not give them proper bathing. They needed special attention in this direction, the doctor said; the nurses were all alike and neglected the children, no matter what price was paid for their services.

"Who attends to *your* children?" she asked the caller. "They always look so sweet and wholesome." "I bathed them." That gave the less fortunate woman an idea. "Would you think it worth while to pay me to come every morning to give them their baths and dress them?" The mother opened her eyes in astonishment, until she was told the circumstances, when she entered gladly into the plan. The little woman agreed to go every morning, for an hour and a half, wash and dress the children, and attend to their hair, fingers, and feet for five dollars a week. The mother was so pleased with the result that she mentioned two of her acquaintances who had new babies, and whose nurses had just left. These mothers were glad to have the little woman for half an hour every day, payment being fifty cents for each bath. This fully filled her time until eleven o'clock, when they found an invalid friend who wanted to be dressed every day before noon, and twice a week have a warm evening bath. For these services she gave five dollars a week. Thus she had her afternoons free for her husband, children, and household duties.

It is strange how few women can wash a baby properly; and when the monthly nurse leaves, a mother is glad to place the little stranger in safe and skilful hands. One patron always recommends to another. They are willing to wait their turn of the morning hours, it being understood that nothing but illness will prevent attendance. This woman has learned a great deal from the experience of regular nurses, and is anxious to improve her methods when possible.

Children's ears are often neglected, and not kept clean; and the mother rarely notices when they are allowed to stick out, or to double over, till her attention is called to the fact that they need pressing back. Older children's toes are sometimes a source of discomfort, and there is an art in paring nails.

Then to keep the hair brushed, and to teach the child to attend to it, to detect bad habits—and they are many—is in itself a task. Mischievous children will pull out their eyelashes, or distend the mouth with a finger on each side, to their future disfigurement.

Her first patron declares that her children have learned to love cleanliness since she bathed them, and often laughed about the first morning when she passed the nursery door, and heard a voice singing:

"What, cry to be washed? Not like to be clean?
Then you shall go dirty—not fit to be seen."

She expected a rebellion, but instead the little ones began to enjoy the bath, and told her—as a secret—that they did not get any soap in their eyes and mouths. For little children some refined borax was put in the water, instead of using much soap; and so they lost their terror of it.

MRS. ELSIE REYNOLDS.

APRON MAKING.

I THINK it is safe to say that women in every station of life wear aprons of some description.

We know that it is a very unusual thing to find a ready-made apron made properly. I have noticed in our large department stores that the apron stock is sadly lacking; and have often wondered why some one hasn't made a specialty of this important item of our wardrobe. As it would require no knowledge of dressmaking or fitting, nineteen out of any twenty women

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have sewed enough to be able to carry on an apron-making and selling trade with the help of a few patterns.

My plan would require a small investment of capital. I would suggest that a light room with a glass front be procured in the shopping portion of the town (location would be a most important factor), and then let the projector buy at wholesale the necessary goods; ginghams of different qualities and checks, two, three, or more grades of lawn, lace, embroidery, and thread suited to the different materials, and then commence her work. A machine could be rented, if necessary, for a very small amount, and in a month or six weeks, at the most, one could have quite a complete stock.

Opening cards could be printed and distributed for a comparatively small amount, which would do much to advertise the goods, and one's friends would tell their acquaintances of the new store. If it were well situated, many would come in "to look around," and right here is where tact should be used. Do not leave the people alone to stand looking at your aprons, but explain their good points, and show them the other styles. Nearly all women would rather buy home-made aprons, at a reasonable price, if they are what they should be, than buy the material and have them made, or bother with making them.

The plain gingham apron, to be serviceable, should reach to the bottom of one's dress, instead of twelve or fourteen inches shorter, have a larger bib than the store ones do, and a pocket. It would be well to have these in two grades of gingham. Then I would carry a slip apron that could be worn over the dress, made with loose sleeves and gathered in at the wrist and neck with bands which could be left plain or finished with a little white braid. Next is the plain white apron. There should be different sizes of these, and one could make as many styles as desired.

The little fine aprons are invariably stitched with thread two or three numbers too coarse and a great long stitch. And to say nothing of their looks upon close examination, they are not made well and, consequently, do not wear well. We will use fine thread for ours, a short stitch, and fasten the thread well. Any number of ways of making these will be suggested, and fashion books and papers can be consulted for ideas. Some would be pretty and odd trimmed with tiny bows of black velvet ribbon, and others might be made plain or hemstitched, with a raised initial worked with fine white thread in the left corner and near the end of the left string.

Now let us arrange the stock. We want one of each kind in the window, and could have shelves put up for the rest. We can afford to charge the same prices for our gingham and plain white aprons that we pay in the stores, the finer and fancy ones being marked according to the material and amount of work on them. The expense of carrying out this enterprise would be very small compared with that of many other businesses, and it would be a good one for two or three women in partnership, starting on as large a scale as they desired, carrying all styles of children's aprons also.

LAURA A. SAWYER.

We would like to add a few words about aprons. We have heard of one woman who has made a reputation for herself by making aprons of all descriptions. As she is unable to leave her home duties, orders come to her there. She started her venture by making short aprons from five-cent unbleached homespun, using one width and a trifle over a yard of material. The threads at the top of the hem were pulled and a simple hemstitch worked in. The aprons washed white and were very durable. In addition to the variety mentioned in the above article, there are aprons for maids and waiters, nurses, artists, surgeons, and butchers, all of them easy to make. It may be of use to some woman who contemplates the apron business, to know that remnants can be bought by the case from many factories at very cheap rates.

We would also suggest that a cooking apron be provided with a "holder," fastened to the band by a long tape.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

PROCURE of a reliable firm a good kodak, or, better yet, a field camera with adjustable tripod and all the necessary furnishings belonging to a photographic outfit. Study your instruction book and practise until you can show some pretty good work, and then take pictures of scenes of general interest in your neighborhood, show them to your friends and neighbors, and as you get a chance, sell them cheaper than they could buy them from a professional. When you can do very presentable work, find young people who would like to learn to do the work, and charge a reasonable amount for teaching them what you have learned by experience. If you have several at once, form them into classes. You will find many children of only ten or twelve years who will do good work, and their parents will be glad to have them learn, if they know an older person is directing them in using the chemicals.

You can furnish all the material used in the lessons and charge accordingly, or they can buy their own outfit first, and you only charge for each lesson.

Then, too, you should make arrangements with a good firm to furnish you with cameras and material for your scholars, which you can do to quite a good advantage to yourself and convenience to them. You can also develop and print for those who do not wish to undertake that part of the work.

I do not know how this work would do in large cities, but it is particularly adapted to small towns and country places, and is very good occupation for a woman who has household duties part of the day, but with a few hours to spare in the afternoon.

MRS. JANE M. NELSON.

READING TO CONVALESCENTS.

IF I lived in a large town or city, I should supply myself with some of the best reading matter, ranging from grave to gay for older people, and lay in a supply of bright, fresh stories for young people, not forgetting the little ones. I would, through the physicians, keep informed of these convalescent patients, and to these I would go for such time as their strength permitted, and read for a stated sum per hour, selecting, of course, such things as best suited the invalid on that particular occasion. Many tired, weary, discouraged invalids would welcome such a diversion. Too weak to read themselves, yet ready to listen, and if the reading be humorous, evoking a smile, or perhaps a hearty laugh, it will often do more good than medicine. Poor, long-suffering mothers with fretful, sick children would certainly be willing to pay well for such a high-class entertainment. This idea may call forth a multitude of devices for brightening and whiling away time, which drags so slowly for the great class of sufferers. In fact, the one engaging in this profession should be a kind of mental or moral physician, with tact and common sense, to know *when* to read, *what* and *how* to read. She should be able to find out in a few moments if the patient is pleased with her voice, manner, and the selection of subjects. Musical selections might sometimes be rendered, both vocal and instrumental. I have known very sick persons soothed into a gentle sleep, after many sleepless hours, by a song softly sung, or by sweet instrumental music in a near-by room.

LEOLA ARMSTRONG.

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THE MODERN BASKET MAKER

By Mary White.

NOT long ago the term basketmaker brought to one's mind the picture of an Indian woman working roots and grasses into intricate designs on baskets which took months, even years, to complete. Or one thought of the Japanese workman weaving strips of cane into marvellous forms and stitches. In those days baskets of all kinds, even the simple every-day ones, were thought to be fearfully and wonderfully made. Now, to many of us the word suggests a different picture, or rather a series of pictures, in which the central figure is a self-supporting woman of to-day. She takes as kindly to basketry as did her Indian sister, finding it not a secret process, painfully and slowly learned, but a simple and fascinating craft, full of possibilities. If she is naturally deft with her fingers in sewing, knitting, or embroidery, if she has artistic taste either cultivated or latent, if she is inventive, she finds basketry not only a delightful occupation, but one that may be exceedingly profitable. One has only to look at the baskets in any confectioner's or florist's windows to realize what a field there is for attractive and new designs in baskets of this class. Then there are the baskets that every one needs—scrap baskets, work baskets, and wall pockets. If these are well made and of good form and color they are readily sold at exchanges and stores, or at private sale. Moreover, our modern basketmaker weaves baskets adapted to individual needs. One who delights in having everything about her of exclusive design will be charmed to find that she can have baskets made to harmonize with the color scheme of each room. At the same time, her own ideas of beauty and usefulness in regard to size and shape are carried out. Orders come to the basketmaker for bonnet baskets so strong that they do not crush, as pasteboard boxes do, in packing. Flat, wide baskets with shallow curving sides are ordered for pet dogs to doze in, and dainty travelling work baskets for globe-trotting friends. Again she is called upon to repair precious baskets full of associations—and holes! She who has a talent for teaching has more than she can do, for basketry has proved itself a most valuable branch of manual training. It exercises the eye in proportion, form, and color, and the hand in dexterity and applied strength. Children in primary classes, who have already learned in kindergarten how to weave in paper, thoroughly enjoy using more durable materials in fashioning pretty and serviceable little mats and baskets. Teaching boys' clubs and classes in settlements is another branch of the work. The boys find it interesting and profitable, and take pride in making their baskets strong and practical, and in filling orders in a business-like way.

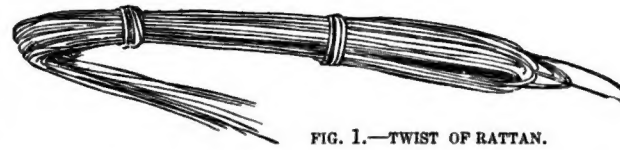

FIG. 1.—TWIST OF RATTAN.

One of the most remarkable things about basketry, the enthusiastic worker will tell you, is that one might give years to the study and practice of it and yet have more to learn; although so simple are most of the stitches that in a few lessons one can make baskets that will astonish one's friends and one's self.

FIG. 2.—UNDER-AND-OVER WEAVING.

The materials most used at first are rattan and raffia. Rattan is a kind of palm which grows in the forests of India. It twines about the trees and hangs in graceful festoons from the branches, sometimes to the length of five hundred feet, though seldom over an inch in diameter. It comes to us split into round or flat strips of various sizes, which are numbered by the manufacturer from 00 to about 15, No. 00 being the finest as well as the most costly. Rattan is sold at basket factories usually in five-pound lots.

Numbers 2, 3, and 4 are the best sizes for small baskets, and 3, 5, and 6 for scrap baskets. Raffia, which is woven into small baskets, dolls' hats, etc., comes from Madagascar. It is a pale yellow material, soft and pliable, the outer cuticle of a palm, and can be bought at seed stores or of dealers in kindergarten supplies, in hanks of about a pound each.

The flat or braided rush which is imported by wholesale basket dealers comes in natural colors, dull green and soft wood-brown. The flat rush is sold by the pound, and the braided in bunches of ten metres each. Woven on rattan spokes, it makes beautiful baskets.

Few tools are needed—a pair of strong sharp shears, a yard-stick, and a deep paper pail for water at first, and later a short steel knitting-needle about the size of No. 4 rattan, and a sharp knife.

The rattan, as it comes from the

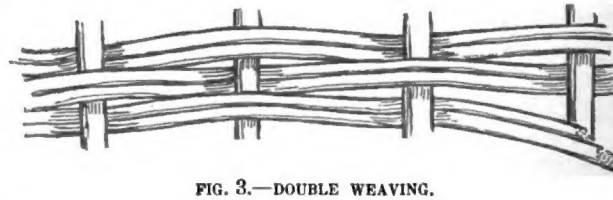

FIG. 3.—DOUBLE WEAVING.

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manufacturer, is in long twists or skeins (see Fig. 1). It should be drawn out, as it is needed, from the loop end; otherwise it will get tangled and broken. In preparing it, the spoke or heavy material which is to form the ribs of the basket is cut into lengths of the required number of inches. The weaver is wound into circles of about seven inches in diameter, the ends being twisted in and out several times to prevent unwinding. As rattan is very brittle, it should be put to soak, before using, for half an hour in cold water.

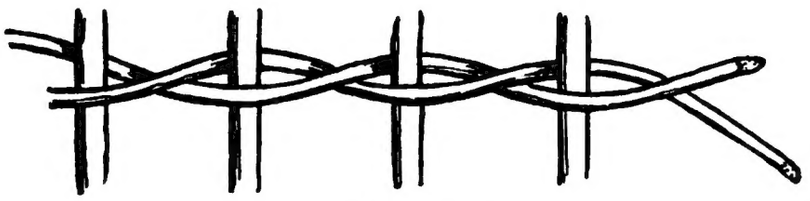

FIG. 4.—PAIRING.

Weaving.—Under-and-over weaving, the simplest form of all, is the one most used.

Double weaving is done in the same way, except that two weavers are used at once.

Pairing may be woven either on an odd or even number of spokes. Two weavers are started behind two succeeding spokes, and crossed between them, so that what was the under weaver becomes the upper one each time.

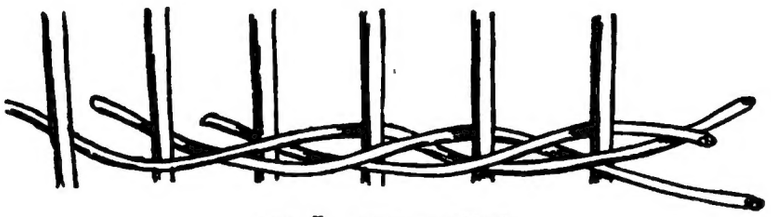

FIG. 5.—TRIPLE TWIST.

In the triple twist, three weavers are placed behind three consecutive spokes and brought in succession, starting with the back one, over two and under one spoke, each on its way to the back of the third spoke being laid over the other two weavers. In turning up the sides of large baskets, where separate spokes or additional spokes have been inserted, or as a strong top for scrap baskets, this weave is invaluable.

It is a rare thing to find a material at once so soft and so strong as raffia, and it is admirably fitted for the work of untrained fingers. A charming work bag is made as follows:

KNOTTED WORK BAG.

Materials: Twenty-four strands of raffia; a stick about a yard long and 1½ inches wide, a pair of scissors, a tapestry needle.

The stick is held by the left hand at right angles with the body, the end resting on a chair or table. A strand of raffia is doubled and tied around the stick, as shown in Fig. 6, the knot being drawn up quite close. Twenty-four strands are knotted on in this way: they are then placed about an inch apart, and beginning with the inner one of the two strands nearest the workman, it is knotted, at about an inch from the first row of knots, with the strand nearest it in the next pair, making an even mesh. This is continued across the stick, and another row is knotted, and another, until ten or twelve rows have been made, when the work will tend toward a V shape (see Fig. 7, which for convenience is drawn with fewer strands). The stick is now slipped out and the bag finished (see Fig. 8) by knotting first the two loose strands at the top together, then the two pairs following, and so on until the bottom is reached. The two sides are joined at the bottom by placing them with the meshes and knots evenly together and knotting two strands from the front and two from the back together each time in a last row.

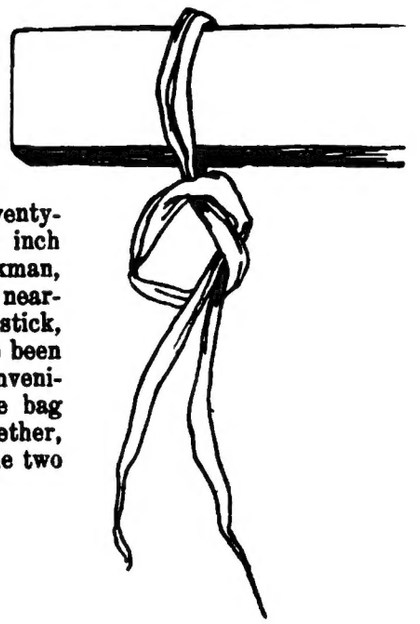

FIG. 6.

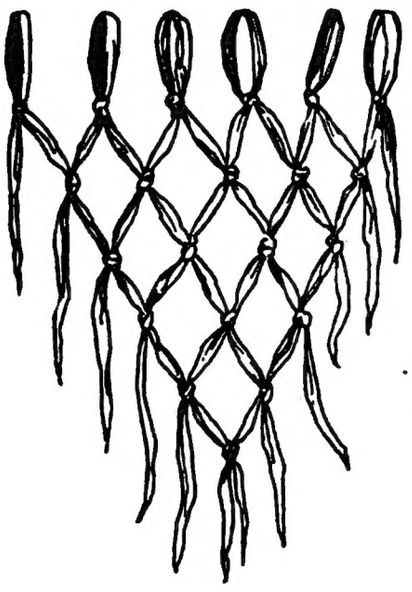

FIG. 7.

FIG. 8.

The bag is finished with a row of raffia tassels across the bottom, a cord of twisted raffia drawn through the top loops, and an inner lining of harmonious color.

We shall use raffia later on in combination with rattan, and still later, dyed in beautiful soft colors, it will be a help in working out Indian stitches.

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The centre, or bottom, of the basket is made at first in the form of a

MAT WITH OPEN BORDER NO. 1.

Materials: Four 12-inch spokes of No. 4 rattan; one 7-inch spoke of No. 4 rattan; one weaver of No. 2 rattan.

The four spokes, arranged in pairs, are crossed in the centre, the vertical ones being uppermost or nearest the person weaving; and between the upper halves of these vertical spokes the half spoke seven inches long is placed. These are held in position by the left hand. An end of the weaver previously unwound is placed along the horizontal spoke back of the vertical ones with the end toward the right. The forefinger of the right hand presses the weaver across the upper vertical spokes and down behind the horizontal ones on the right (thus binding the end of the weaver securely), next over the lower vertical spokes, and behind the horizontal ones on the left (see Fig. 9). This is repeated, and then, beginning with the upper vertical spokes, the spokes are separated and the weaving begins (see Fig. 10). A common fault of beginners is to pull the weaver from a distance of several inches from the work; instead, it should be *pressed* with the forefinger, under and over the spokes, as close to the work as it is possible to get it. The spokes should be very evenly separated. When there is just enough weaver left to go around once, the binding-off is begun. This is a process much like over-casting. After going under one spoke and over another, the weaver is passed under the last row of weaving just before it reaches the next spoke; it then goes behind that spoke, in front of the next and under the last row of weaving before the next spoke. When a row of this binding is completed, the mat is finished with Open Border No. 1. After cutting the spokes to a uniform length with a slanting cut (so that the point may be easily pushed down between the weavers), the spokes are wet until pliable. Spoke No. 1 is pushed down beside spoke No. 2, spoke No. 2 beside No. 3, and so on around the mat, pressing at least an inch below the edge.

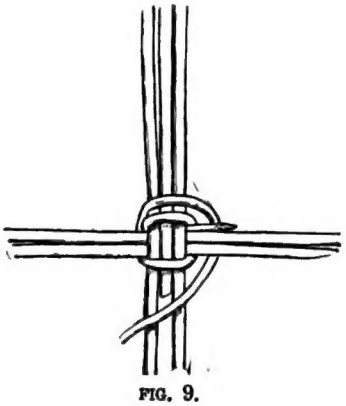

FIG. 9.

In weaving the first baskets, while the worker is getting familiar with her material, she should copy simple forms. One such is a

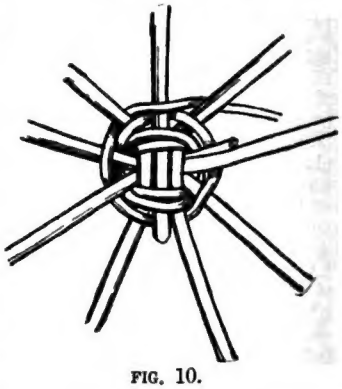

FIG. 10.

BASKET WITH ROUNDING SIDES AND OPEN BORDER NO. 2.

Materials: Four 14-inch spokes of No. 3 rattan; one 8-inch spoke of No. 3 rattan; two weavers of No. 2 rattan.

Having made a bottom about two inches in diameter, wet the spokes and turn them up, rounding them by bending them over the middle finger. It should be remembered always that the side toward the person weaving is the outside of the basket, and that the weaving should go from left to right. The first weaver should not be drawn too tight, but allowed to go easily, though pressed closely down upon the weaving just below it.

In joining weavers the ends are crossed at an inch from the tip of each, back of a spoke (see Fig. 11). Before the middle of the second weaver is reached the spokes should be gradually drawn closer together by a slight tightening of the weaver; this should continue to the end of the weaver. Bind off and finish with Open Border No. 2. Spokes of at least four inches long, measuring from the last row of weaving, are required for this border. Cut and soak as described in Open Border No. 1. Spoke No. 1 crosses No. 2 and is pushed down beside No. 3. No. 2 crosses No. 3 and is pushed down beside No. 4, and so on around the basket.

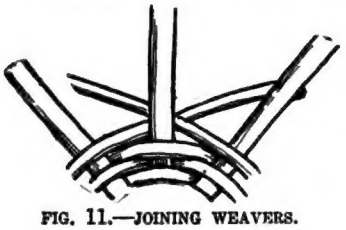

FIG. 11.—JOINING WEAVERS.

This makes a pretty little candy basket, especially if it is stained or dyed attractively.

(*To be continued.*)

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